

THE
ANALECTIC MAGAZINE.

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ART. I.—*A Voyage of Discovery made under the Orders of the Admiralty, in His Majesty's Ships Isabella and Alexander, for the Purpose of exploring Baffin's Bay, and inquiring into the Probability of a North-West Passage.* By John Ross, K.S. Captain R.N. London, 1819. 4to. pp. 396.

[From the London Literary Gazette.]

WE are but barely doing justice to this publication when we say, that it is one of the most beautifully executed volumes which, since we took up the critical pen, has issued from the press. The curiosity excited by the Arctic or Polar expeditions claimed some distinction for the first narrative of these proceedings; but, in the present instance, the thing is really so handsomely done as to demand the highest approbation. Not only is the printing clear and elegant, thus coinciding with a text perspicuous and interesting, but the scientific tables and maps are finished with infinite accuracy and intelligence, and the plates of icebergs, natives, animals, landscapes, &c. &c. are got up in a style of excellence which is truly admirable. No expense has been spared to render the work worthy of the public, and our encomium is but a faint tribute to those merits which we cannot, by copying or even description, make known to our readers.

To seamen and geographers, the information it contains must be invaluable; nor will the lovers of science, we think, rise from its pages disappointed, however much they may expect from them; nor will those who peruse books of voyages and travels merely for amusement, have cause to complain of lenten entertainment from the more generally attractive parts of captain Ross's narrative. A new people, and almost a new world is figured before them, and we trust it will be found curious in our few succeeding numbers to compare and contrast the manners of these ice-born beings with the habits of the children of the sun, with whom Bowdich, in his African mission, brings us acquainted. The cold and the hot; the peaceful and the sanguinary; the barbarian in nature's

desolation and in poverty, and the barbarian in nature's garden and in pomp; the savage of the pole and of the equator, may, we trust, be contemplated together with an increase of interest, and it shall be our pleasing task to develop them as fully as we are enabled by these extraordinary productions.

Captain Ross sets out by stating his conviction that he has proved the existence of a bay from Disco island to Cumberland straits, and set at rest for ever the question of a north-west passage in that direction. Upon this point we shall have some observations to offer in conclusion; but in the mean time think it right to record it as the main gist of this able navigator's argument, before we accompany him to latitudes still further north, which we shall do without adverting to the equipments of the vessels, the instruments for scientific purposes, &c. believing that these are sufficiently known to the public through preceding descriptions, in promulgating which the Literary Gazette has not been wanting. The instructions were, in effect, that if the Isabella and Alexander succeeded in doubling the north-east cape of America, and getting into the Pacific ocean by Behring's straits, they should, after wintering there, return, if it could prudently be attempted, by the same route: if they failed in finding the north-west passage, they were to examine the west coast of old Greenland, throw a *bottle-full of information* overboard every day after they passed latitude 65° , draw the coasts, and bring home specimens of the animal, mineral, and vegetable kingdoms, and make accurate remarks on the variations of the needle, the meteorology of these regions, and, in fine, on every thing which could add to our stock of knowledge respecting seas and lands, so little and so doubtfully understood.

On the 3d of May, after experiencing the kindest hospitality from Mr. Mouat of Gardie, the expedition sailed from Brassa, one of the Shetland isles. On the 30th, they saw the first iceberg, and on the 23d of July reached $75^{\circ} 12'$ of N. Lat. 'the highest to which ships employed in the whale trade were known positively to have penetrated.' Previous to this date, and even subsequent to it, they were exposed to the severest labours and perils in getting through the ice, and made but small progress till the 9th of August, when, in latitude $75^{\circ} 55'$ N. longitude $65^{\circ} 32'$ W. they were surprised by the appearance of several men on the ice, hallooing to the ships to fly to the sun or moon, whence they supposed these mighty monsters to have alighted. These belonged to the previously unknown tribe of Esquimaux or Arctic Highlanders, of whom all the periodical prints have since been so full. Presuming that what has been thus stated is perfectly familiar to all our readers, we shall not repeat these facts, which agree with captain Ross's accounts, but pass on to such as are new and memorable in the intercourse with this singular people.

The country to which captain R. has given the name of *Arctic Highlands*, is situated in the north-east corner of Baffin's bay, between the latitudes of 76° and $77^{\circ} 40'$ N. and the longitudes of 60°

and 72° W., thus extending on the sea-shore for 120 miles in a north-west direction; the breadth, where widest, does not exceed 20 miles, and towards the extremities is reduced to nothing. It is bounded on the south by an immense barrier of mountains, covered with ice, which takes its rise in lat. $74^{\circ} 30'$, and extends to 76° north. This barrier seems impassable. It is wild and irregular towards the shore, with cliffs 1000 feet in height, and solid ice extending for miles into the sea.

The vegetable productions of this country may be said to consist of heath, moss, and coarse grass. There is nothing like cultivation, nor does it appear that the natives make use of vegetable food. The moss, which is six or eight inches long, when dried and immersed in the oil or blubber of the seal or sea-unicorn, serves for a wick, and produces a comfortable fire for cooking and warmth, as well as for light. The heath and grass serve for food and shelter for the hares and game, which are in abundance; and the stems of heath tied together make a good handle for the whip with which they chiefly manage their dogs. These dogs, generally six a-breast, each having a collar of seal skin, two inches wide, to which one end of a thong, made of strong hide, about three yards long, is tied, the other end being fastened to the forepart of the sledge, draw the natives along with great velocity. They are managed by the whip and voice, are the only animals domesticated, are of various colours, of the size of a shepherd's dog, with a head like a wolf, and a tail like a fox, which their barking resembles, though they have also the howl of the wolf. The sledge is made chiefly of the bones of the seal, tied together with thongs of seal skin; the runners, or lower pieces, being formed of sea-unicorns' horn. They are about four feet ten inches in length, and one foot ten inches wide, with a sort of rude back, like a rustic garden chair. The whip thong is of prodigious length, being nearly twenty feet, attached to a handle of about two feet and a half.

The language is a dialect of the south Esquimaux, called Humooke. Their dress consists of three pieces, which are all comprised in the name of '*tunick*.' The upper one is made of seal skin, with the hair outside, and is similar to the woman's jacket of the South-Greenlanders, being open only near the top so as to equal the size of the wearer's face. At the bottom it is formed like a shirt, but terminating in a tongue before and behind, the hood part being neatly trimmed with fox's skin, and made to fall back on the shoulders, or cover the head, as required. This is lined in general with eider-duck, or awk skins; and this lining being close at the bottom, and open near the breast, serves as a pocket. The next piece of dress, which scarcely reaches the knee, is also uncomfortably small in the upper part, so that in stooping the skin is exposed. This is made of bear or dog's skin, and fastened up with a string. The boots are made of seal skin, with the hair inwards, the soles being covered with sea-horse hide; they reach over the

knees, and meet the middle part of the dress. The whole of these are made by the women; the needles used being of ivory, and the thread the sinews of the seal, split: the seams are so neat that they can scarcely be distinguished. In winter they wear over the whole a bear-skin cloak.

The Arctic highlanders are of a dirty copper colour, their stature is about five feet, their bodies corpulent, and their features much resembling the Esquimaux of South Greenland. They are abominably filthy, smeared and covered with rancid oil and dirt, as if unwashed from the cradle; and with matted hair which seems never to have been touched from the hour of their birth. They eat raw flesh when destitute of conveniency for cooking; and one of those who visited the ships was seen to devour the whole of a little auk in this state. The voyagers saw about eighteen of them in all, but no women, old men, or children, these being all sent up for safety to the mountains. The natives declared unanimously that there were plenty of their people towards the north, where their king, named Tulloowah, lived. Tulloowah, they said, was a strong man, very good, and much beloved. His residence was Petowack, near a large island, which can be no other than Wolstenholme island. He had a large house built of stone, nearly as large as the ship; and there were many houses near it, in which the mass of the natives lived, and paid him a portion of all they caught or found.

As far as captain R. could ascertain through the interpretations of Saccheuse, they had no idea of a Supreme Being, or of a future state, but they believed in Angekoks or conjurers, who could raise the wind and allay tempests, &c. This *Angekokship* was, however, to be acquired, and almost every family had a son initiated. From the imperfect manner in which the inquiry was carried on, and the ignorance of the language, we think it most probable that the opinions of the natives on points not easily to be explained were misunderstood, and accordingly attach little credit to the suppositions respecting their religious, or rather non-religious persuasions.

One wife is the legal allowance, but if she has no children, the man may take another, and so on a third, until they have children, and the women have the same privilege. Women are esteemed if they have a large family, and mothers are much respected by their children. Football and dancing were the only recreations witnessed. In the former our tars joined heartily in kicking about a seal skin made into a bag and filled with air, to the great amusement of both parties. Of their dancing, which two young men were induced to exhibit, the following is the description. One of them began immediately to distort his face, and turn up his eyes in a manner so exactly resembling the appearance of a person in a fit of epilepsy, that our countrymen were all convinced this accident had actually happened, and captain R. was about to call for assistance from the surgeon. They were however soon undeceived,

as he immediately proceeded to execute, in succession, a variety of extraordinary gestures and attitudes, accompanied by the most hideous distortions of countenance. Like the similar amusements of very different climates, these contained the indecent allusions which are well known to form an essential feature in the dances of many nations, in other respects far advanced in civilization. The body was generally in a stooping posture, and the hands resting on the knees. After a few minutes the performer began to sing '*Am-nah ajah*,' and in a very short time the second performer, who had been looking on the other in silence, began to distort his face, and imitate the indelicate attitudes of the first, and soon after to sing as a chorus, '*Hejaw, hejaw*.' After this had continued with increasing energy for ten minutes, the tune was suddenly changed to a shrill note, in which the words '*Wehee, wehee*,' were uttered with great rapidity. They then approached each other, by slipping their feet forward, grinning, and in great agitation, until their noses touched, when a savage laugh ended this extraordinary performance.

None of the discoveries made by the expedition has attracted or deserved more notice than the iron found in the high latitude occupied by the Arctic highlanders, and the crimson-coloured snow seen on their mountains, which, though not peculiar to them, was in infinitely greater abundance than was ever witnessed on the Alps, or in patches elsewhere. To these two subjects, so interesting to science, we shall, in the first place, direct our present inquiries, and show that our opinion respecting the meteoric origin of the iron is amply confirmed, while a new vegetable theory is brought, instead of the uric acid, to account for the redness in the snow. The natives had informed Saccheuse that the—

'IRON was procured from a mountain near the shore; that there was a rock of it, or more, (for it could not at that time be ascertained which,) and that they cut off it, with a sharp stone, the pieces with which the blades of their knives were made.'—page 98.

On the next interview this subject was investigated, and one of the Esquimaux 'was interrogated respecting the iron with which his knife was edged, and stated that it was found in the mountain before mentioned; that it was in several large masses, of which one in particular, which was larger than the rest, was a part of the mountain; that the others were large pieces above ground, and not of so hard a nature; that they cut it off with a hard stone, (porphyry) and then beat it flat into pieces of the size of a sixpence, but of an oval shape.'

The place mentioned as the site of this phenomenon was 25 miles distant, and the natives broke all their promises to bring specimens of what captain R. believed to be, from their accounts, 'masses of meteoric iron.' The knives made of it, brought from Sowallick, or the Iron mountains, where alone it is found, have also been examined by Dr. Wollaston, and found to contain nickel, a peculi-

arity which always distinguishes such masses wherever met with. The report of this admirable chemist is as follows:

‘With respect to the iron, it appears to differ in no respect from those masses of which so many have now been found on various parts of the surface of the earth; and which, in some few instances from tradition, and in all from analysis, appear to be of meteoric origin. They all contain nickel, and this contains about the usual proportion of that metal, which I estimate between three and four per cent, as inferred from the quantity of crystallized sulphate of nickel which I obtained from it; but, though I can thus speak with decision, as to the presence of a considerable quantity of nickel, I cannot undertake to pronounce with accuracy, upon proportions deduced from so small a fragment as could be spared for this examination.’

This seems to set the question of the iron at rest. With regard to the crimson snow, of which one of the plates gives a singular and beautiful idea, as it reddens the wild features of an Arctic landscape, the following are the particulars.

‘August 17. We discovered that the snow on the face of the cliffs presented an appearance both novel and interesting, being apparently stained, or covered, by some substance, which gave it a deep crimson colour. Many conjectures were afloat concerning the cause of this appearance; it was at once determined it could not be the dung of birds, for thousands of these, of various descriptions, were seen repeatedly sitting on the ice and on the snow, but without producing any such effects.

‘At 2 P. M. it fell nearly calm, and I sent a boat with Mr. Ross, midshipman, and Mr. Beverly, assistant surgeon, and a party, to bring off some of the snow, and to make what remarks they could on the circumstances attending it, as also to procure specimens of the animal, vegetable, and mineral kingdoms, and to ascertain if this part of the country was inhabited.—They found that the snow was penetrated even down to the rock, in many places to a depth of ten or twelve feet, by the colouring matter, and that it had the appearance of having been a long time in that state. The boat returned at seven with a quantity of the snow, together with specimens of the vegetation, and of the rocks; the snow was immediately examined by a microscope, magnifying 110 times, and the substance appeared to consist of particles like a very minute round seed, which were exactly of the same size, and of a deep red colour: on some of the particles a small dark speck was also seen. It was the general opinion of the officers who examined it by the microscope, that it must be vegetable, and this opinion seemed to gain strength, by the nature of the places where it was found; these were the sides of hills, about 600 feet high, on the tops of which was seen vegetation of a yellowish green and reddish brown colours. The extent of these cliffs was about eight miles; behind them, at a considerable distance, high mountains

were seen, but the snow which covered these was not coloured.— In the evening, I caused some of the snow to be dissolved, and bottled, when the water had the appearance of muddy port wine; in a few hours it deposited a sediment, which was examined by the microscope; some of it was bruised, and found to be composed wholly of red matter: when applied to paper, it produced a colour nearest to Indian red. It was preserved in three states, viz. dissolved and bottled, the sediment bottled, and the sediment dried: these have been examined since our return to this country, and various opinions given concerning it, but Dr. Wollaston seems to concur in that we originally had, of its being a vegetable substance, produced on the mountain immediately above it. It cannot be a marine production, as in several parts we saw it at least six miles from the sea, but always on the face or near the foot of a mountain.'

We now copy the Dr.'s own words.—

'With respect to the exact origin of that substance which gives redness to the snow, I apprehend we may not be able to give a decided opinion, for want of sufficient knowledge of the productions of those regions in which it was found, but, from all the circumstances of its appearance, and of the substances which accompany it, I am strongly inclined to think it to be of vegetable origin. The red matter itself consists of minute globules from $\frac{1}{1000}$ to $\frac{1}{3000}$ of an inch in diameter; I believe their coat to be colourless, and that the redness belongs wholly to the contents, which seem to be of an oily nature and not soluble in water, but soluble in rectified spirits of wine; when the globules are highly magnified, and seen with sufficient light, they appear internally subdivided into about eight or ten cells. They bear to be dried by the heat of boiling water, without loss of colour. By destructive distillation, they yield a fœtid oil, accompanied with ammonia, which might lead to the supposition that they are of animal origin; but since the seeds of various plants also yield this product, and since the leaves of Fuci also yield ammonia by distillation, I do not discover any thing in the globules themselves which shows distinctly from what source they were derived. I find, however, along with them, a small portion of a cellular substance, which not only has these globules adherent to its surface, but also contained in its interior; and this substance, which I must therefore consider as of the same origin with them, appears by its mode of burning to be decidedly vegetable, as I know of no animal substance which so instantly burns away to a white ash, as soon as it is heated to redness.

'The first conception I formed as to their nature was, that they might be the spawn of a minute species of shrimps, which is known to abound in those seas, and which might be devoured by the myriads of water-fowl observed there, and voided with their dung; but, in that case, they should undoubtedly be found mixed with the exuviae of those animals, which is not fact, but they are found

accompanied solely by vegetable substances, in one of which they are actually contained. If they are from the sea, there seems no limit to the quantity that may be carried to land, by a continued and violent wind, no limit to the period during which they may have accumulated, since they would remain from year to year, undiminished by the processes of thawing and evaporation, which remove the snow with which they are mixed. I regret that the scantiness of our information does not enable us to come to any satisfactory conclusion, and can only hope that future navigators may have an opportunity of collecting materials to elucidate so curious a phenomenon.'

Having extracted all the information contained in this volume on the subject of these interesting natural appearances, we are unwilling to mix it up with other quotations. During the long day which the navigators spent in Baffin's bay, the temperature of the atmosphere was almost without variation, and they might be said to enjoy an uninterrupted summer, while most imaginations at home figured them to be freezing at the pole. And nothing could be more extraordinary than their views of nature. By means of the marvellous refraction of light, they had 'certain proof that the power of vision was extended beyond 150 miles.' Terrestrial objects, consequently, were for ever varying their appearance, sometimes increasing in altitude from 2° to 5° within an hour, sometimes seeming mere specks, sometimes long and low islands, and sometimes preserving their real shapes, perhaps of promontory or mountain. But the heavenly bodies were still more wonderful.

'August 18. Lat. 76—While the moon was in sight, she had the appearance of following the sun round the horizon, and while these bodies were passing in azimuth along the tops of the mountains, the snow which covered them, and which had naturally a yellow tinge, had then the lustre of gold, and the reflection of these upon the sky, produced a rich green tint, so delicately beautiful, as to surpass description. On the other hand, the rays of the sun darting over the tops of the mountains, came in contact with the icebergs, which appeared like as many edifices of silver, adorned with precious stones of every variety.'

Such were the magic scenes enjoyed during *a day*, which lasted from the 7th of June to the 24th of August, or 1872 hours, without the sun setting to their view.

We have already alluded to the amazing effect upon vision which was produced by the refraction of light in these high latitudes. Distant objects were wonderfully raised by it, and on one occasion it is noticed—

'The sun passing in azimuth, served to delineate them on the horizon in a distinct and beautiful manner; the reflections of light on the icebergs were particularly splendid, the emerald, sapphire, and orange, being the prevailing colours.'

What a scene to gaze upon for 140 or 150 miles round the spectator, standing in the centre of a circle where his vision embraced a diameter of 300 miles!! Other natural appearances were equally curious, if not equally grand. Here we have a vessel of ice in a boundless ocean of glaciers and optical illusions.

'We were (says captain R.) occasionally visited by fogs, which were, in general, extremely thick, and of a very white appearance, while in the zenith the blue sky was apparent. At this time (Aug. 18, lat. $76^{\circ} 12\frac{1}{2}'$) the thermometer is generally at the freezing point; the moment this fog touches the ropes of the ship, it freezes, and these are in a very short time covered with ice, to the thickness of a man's arm, and at every evolution of the ship it covers the deck with its fragments. In the absence of these fogs, we had sometimes the atmosphere most beautifully clear; the objects on the horizon were often most wonderfully raised by the powers of refraction, while others at a short distance from them were as much sunk. The use of the dip-sector was totally suspended, as no satisfactory result could be obtained from it. These objects were continually varying in shape; the ice had sometimes the appearance of an immense wall on the horizon, and here and there a space resembling a breach in it; icebergs, and even small pieces of ice, had often the appearance of trees; and while, on one side, we had the resemblance of a forest near us, the pieces of ice on the other side were so greatly lengthened, as to look like long low islands.

'Aug. 21. lat. $76^{\circ} 32\frac{3}{4}'$. Since our leaving Wolstenholme island, the ice which we met with had assumed a very different character from any we had before met with; it had generally a green tint, and appeared to have been a long time at sea, without, however, being in a state of decay: it was in huge pieces of irregular forms heaped upon each other by some tremendous force, and then frozen together.

'Aug. 25th, lat. $76^{\circ} 10'$. It is worthy of remark that the icebergs here were only three-fourths under water, while those to the south were five-sixths.'

This singular fact is not explained, and we are left to conjecture whether it was owing to the greater specific lightness of the water or the lesser specific gravity of the ice.

The furthest N. latitude to which the expedition penetrated is marked $76^{\circ} 97'$, when on the 23d of August they 'successively made out the north and south points of the land across the bottom of the bay, or inlet, which answered Baffin's description of Jones' sound.'

These they named capes Hardwicke and Caledon, and as a ridge of high mountains was seen to extend quite across the bottom of it, it was determined that there could be no passage in that direction, and they began to beat to the southward.

'At eleven P. M. a piece of fir wood was picked up: it had nails in it, and the marks of the plane and adz were also evident. This seems to prove that it must have drifted up the bay, probably by the strong southerly winds. Many seals were seen, and the tracks of bears were visible on the ice in many places.'

Otherwise the desolation was extreme—

'There was no appearance of vegetation, nor did the land appear habitable; very few birds were seen, and no whales or any other living creatures.'

Next day they made fast to the ice.

'This position was remarkable for variety in the depth of the water, and quality of the substances at the bottom. When we made fast we had 78 fathoms, soon afterwards we had 160, then 85, then 200, 150, and 185, within a short time of each other; in the shallowest water we had muddy sand and shells; at one time a small piece of coral; at 85 fathoms we had rocky bottom; at 160, stones; at 200, mud; and at 150, mixed blue and gray clay, with worms in it.'

The marks of a bear's paws in this region were of extraordinary size: the fore paw measuring fifteen by thirteen inches, and the hind paw twenty by twelve: about a fortnight after, they killed one of these powerful animals.

'When the boat was absent, two large bears swam off to the ships which were at the distance of six miles from the land; they fetched the *Alexander*, and were immediately attacked by the boats of that ship and killed; one, which was shot through the head, unfortunately sunk; the other, when he was wounded, attacked the boats, and showed considerable play, but was at length secured and towed to the *Isabella* by the boats of both ships. This animal weighed $1131\frac{1}{2}$ lbs. besides the blood it had lost, which cannot be estimated at less than 30 lbs. He was sent to the British Museum in excellent order. His length from the snout to the tail was 7 feet 8 inches—ditto, to the shoulder blade, 2. 10.: circumference of the body near the fore legs, 6 feet; ditto of neck, 3. 2.: breadth of fore paw, 10 inches; of hind paw $8\frac{1}{2}$; height, at the fore shoulder above 4 feet; tail 4 inches, the tusks $1\frac{1}{2}$ inch long.'

One of these creatures, to avoid his hunters, plunged from the edge of an icy precipice 50 feet into the sea; another was seen on some loose ice, a hundred miles from land! The other animals observed were black, white, and common coloured foxes, in numbers so considerable as to offer a prospect of a good fur trade, combined with the ivory of the sea unicorn, and the teeth of the sea-horse and bear. There were also plenty of white hare, and 'The natives described an animal which they called *humminick*,*

* Captain Sabine, who seems to have quarrelled with captain Ross, says there were no traces whatever of reindeer, and translates, through Zaccheus, the description of an animal called *Umikuh*, which he thinks very doubtful.

but said it was too large for them to kill; it has, by their account, a horn on its back, and is very swift, I therefore suppose it must be a reindeer. They have also an animal known to both countries by the name of *Ancarok*,* but which I cannot find to be mentioned by writers on Greenland. Saccheuse says, it is not uncommon about North-east bay and Disco bay, where its cry is continually heard at night. It is very wild, and can seldom be approached, being very active and fierce; the Esquimaux are afraid of it. He says it resembles a cat, but is three times larger, that it moves by jumping more than by running, and lives in holes and caverns in the rocks; that it eats hares and partridges, which it lies in wait for, and catches by springing on them.'

The dogs are the only animals domesticated by these Arctic Esquimaux: they are of various colours, chiefly a dark brown; of the size of a shepherd's dog, a head like a wolf, and a tail like a fox. The natives appeared to prefer the black. Weasels and mice seem to finish their known list of animals. Nor are their birds very numerous. The merlin falcon, eider duck, garrot, sea-dove, petrel, scraber, guilemot, diver, tern, and gull, almost exhaust the catalogue. A new species of gull, called xeme, was discovered, associating with the greater tern, which in its habits it nearly resembles. Of invertebrate animals a few novelties were also found; but as they were not well preserved, we shall not describe them further than by stating generally that they belonged to the Anneleides, Crustacea, Gasteropoda, and Acephela classes. A gull was shot, two feet five inches in length, which disgorged a little awk entire, and these awks were in such myriads that they covered the whole surface of the water, and sometimes the boats killed 1500 in a day for food, commonly bringing down fifteen at a shot.

In concluding our analysis of this work, it becomes our duty to deliver an opinion upon the merits of the writer, as the commander of a voyage of discovery; and while on one hand we shall have to notice some traits very honourable to his character as a naval officer and gentleman, we must, reluctantly, say that we think he has failed in the principal objects of the expedition. It seems to us that all the east side of Baffin's bay has been satisfactorily explored, but that in regard to the west coast, where, as the very name implies, there was the greatest likelihood of a *North-West* passage, we are very little better informed than we were fifty years ago. Not one of the great inlets on this coast has been sufficiently examined, and it is evident from the pains captain R. takes to set himself right, that the conclusiveness of his arguments are neither allowed by the admiralty at home, nor by his associates in the voyage. Indeed captain Sabine distinctly says, that there are seven probable inlets, the nature and termination of which are still uncertain, and the new expedition fitting out for this quarter proves, that hopes are cherished of finding a passage to the north of Cum-

* Called *Amarok* by Sabine!!

berland straits, where captain Ross conceives he has settled that there is none. We confess that we are against him in this hypothesis: he may be correct, but he certainly has not solved the problem. The very sound, the Lancaster sound of Baffin in latitude $74^{\circ} 19\frac{1}{2}'$, which was most investigated, seems to be left in as much doubt as those straits which were passed without examination. We know not what is meant by there being 'no indication of a passage,' nor does the absence of a current, of drift wood, and of a swell from the north-west, at all decide the question. After standing up this bay (if it must be called so) about eighty miles, captain R. says, 'I distinctly saw the land, round the bottom of the bay, forming a connected chain of mountains, with those which extended along the north and south sides. The land appeared to be at the distance of eight leagues: at this moment I also saw a continuity of ice, at the distance of seven miles, extending from one side of the bay to the other, between the nearest cape to the north, which I named after sir George Warrender, and that to the south, which was named after viscount Castlereagh. The mountains, which occupied the centre, in a north and south direction, were named Croker's mountains, after the secretary to the admiralty. The south-west corner, which formed a spacious bay, completely occupied by ice, was named Barrow's bay.'

Notwithstanding the worthy navigator appears thus to have shut us out from all access to the Pacific in this direction, by employing the names of the whole board of admiralty and some of the cabinet to boot, we are still so sceptical as to imagine that a way through is as likely to be found in Lancaster sound, as any where else on the coast. It is strange that captain Ross should speak so positively of chains of mountains entirely crossing the bay, when his own description of the illusions caused by the refraction of light must show that vision was little to be depended upon even for the shape of objects; and surely a sailor need not have gone far from England to be aware that the most obvious and apparent obstacles of land are not always sure indications of the impossibility of discovering winding and sinuous passages by water. The river Thames would never have been sailed up from the Nore to London bridge, had such appearances been deemed infallible; and Milford Haven, from the cross-bearings of the land about it, could never be suspected from the sea-view of being aught but a small and shallow bay. On sounding too, when nearest the termination of this bay, 650 fathoms of line were out, and five new species of worms were brought up by the clamm; both of which we take to be considerable indications hostile to captain Ross's theory, though he passes over the latter in silence, and meets the former by observing, that the bays were always the deepest water on the opposite coast, and also in some parts of Norway and the Baltic. In fine, we consider, that the inquiry in this quarter utterly fails.

On the first of September, however, the boats landed a party on the southernmost cape of Lancaster's sound, called cape Byam

Martin, and took formal possession of the country in the name and on behalf of his Britannic majesty. Of our new dominions, the following is the account:—

‘At six, the boats returned with many specimens of the animal, vegetable, and mineral kingdoms. A white bear had been seen and wounded, but escaped by swimming to an iceberg. The skeleton of a whale was found about 500 yards above high water mark, and two small pieces of wood at a still greater distance from the sea. No traces of any inhabitants were seen, and the circumference of the bones of the whale being entire, seems to strengthen the supposition that this part of the country was not, nor had been, inhabited for a great length of time. The deer, fox, ermine, and white hare, were either seen, or proved to be in abundance, and specimens of the two latter were brought on board. It appeared from the reports of all the officers, that they landed on a shingle beach, at the mouth of a small river, which was described to be one hundred feet wide, and the water two feet deep: the bed was twelve feet deep, and several pieces of birch bark were found in it; and, at a little distance from these, another smaller river was discovered. The valleys from which these proceed, were found to be covered with verdure and wild flowers; the mountains on each side were immensely high, and covered with snow. On the SE. of the valley there was a small plain, which was also covered with verdure, and the scenery, altogether, was much more pleasing than any that had been seen during the voyage. The rise and fall of the tide was represented to be by some five, by others four, feet, but the stream was not perceptible; the water was deep close to the shore, and there was no anchoring ground found.’

To this *rather interesting account* of our *rather barren* new possessions, we have only to add that the latitude is $73^{\circ} 37'$ N. long. $77^{\circ} 25'$ W. and variation $110^{\circ} 00'$ W.

Though it appears to us that captain Ross has not succeeded in accomplishing the principal objects of the expedition, and indeed done little more than corroborate the wonderfully accurate observations of Baffin, who had no such advantages in shipping, in instruments, and in equipments; yet it should be recorded, to his honour, that, during the whole voyage, there was not a single punishment, nor one case of sickness. A trait of noble conduct, worthy of a British seaman, is also disclosed in the following, where, speaking of the newly found tribe of Esquimaux, it is stated, ‘They could not be made to understand what was meant by war, nor had they any warlike weapons; and I gave strict and positive orders that no fire-arms, or other warlike weapons, should be shown them, or given to them on any account, and when they were with us all shooting parties were called in. They seemed to have no diseases among them, nor could we learn that they died of any complaints peculiar to this or any other country. We saw no deformed persons among them, nor could we find out that there were any.’

It is to the first sentence of this extract that we desire to point attention. Like the happy people of Loo Choo, even these rude savages are blessedly ignorant of some of the worst fruits of civilization, and captain Ross's admirable proceedings in this respect alone, entitles his name to be enrolled with that of the intrepid and illustrious Cook, whose humanity redounded, as much as his gallant perseverance, to the everlasting fame of his country.

The invention of the machine for taking soundings from the bottom of any fathomable depth, called the *Deep Sea Clamm*, is also a credit to the author of the volume before us. It consists of 'A hollow parallelogram of cast iron, (1 cwt.) eighteen inches long, six by six, and four by five inches wide. A spindle passes through it, to a joint of which the forceps are attached and kept extended by a joint bolt: when the bolt touches the ground the forceps act, and are closed by a cast-iron weight slipping down the spindle, and keeping fast the contents till brought up for examination.'

By this instrument the deepest soundings ever reached in Baffin's bay, were taken at 1050 fathoms! and it was ascertained that the bottom of the sea, like the land was very mountainous. The mud was extremely soft: Lat. $72^{\circ} 23'$.

'The instrument came up completely full, containing about six pounds of mud, mixed with a few stones and some sand. Although this mud was of a substance to appearance much coarser than that which we had before obtained, it was also of a much looser nature, and had in it no insects or organic remains; but a small star-fish was found attached to the line below the point marking 800 fathoms. The instrument took twenty-seven minutes to descend the whole distance. When at 500 fathoms, it descended at the rate of one fathom per second, and when near 1000 fathoms down, it took one second and a half per fathom.'

It took an hour 'for all hands' to get it up again from this prodigious depth, and the result of the experiments, by the self-registering thermometer, which it took down, proved that the water was colder in proportion as it became deeper. The temperature at 660 was $25\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$; at 400, 28° ; at 200, 29° ; and at 100, 30° .

We cannot pass uncommended the excellence of all the nautical and philosophical observations, and the very superior manner in which they are demonstrated by the expensive tables, &c. given in this work. It is true that, owing apparently to the misunderstanding with captain Sabine, the geological and natural history departments are defective; of the former we learn little more than that gneiss and granite are the chief formations in these northern regions, and of the latter nothing beyond what has been stated in small compass, in a preceding number of the Literary Gazette. The facts relative to variations of the compass are more correctly and intelligently ascertained. The result is, 'that every ship has an individual attraction, which affects the compasses on board her;

different in different ships, not always progressive, but often irregular, and impossible to be reduced to rule.

‘That the point of change is not the same in different parts of a ship.

‘That the deviation does not always continue the same under the same apparent circumstances, and varies according to the point the ship’s head is on.

‘That the deviation is materially affected by heat and cold, as well as by the atmospheric humidity and density; and that the direction of the wind as well as the dip, has an irregular effect on the deviation.’

We have already noticed some remarkable natural phenomena. In latitude $74^{\circ} 19\frac{1}{4}'$, ‘in one place, nearly between cape Fanshaw and Elizabeth’s bay, two rocks, resembling human figures, of a gigantic size, were seen in a sitting posture, on the very highest peak; and as it was considerably above the clouds, their appearance was both extraordinary and interesting.’

The aurora borealis was frequently visible in September and October: occasionally all round the horizon, and sometimes ‘in the true south!’ These coruscations were amazingly brilliant.

We have now only to notice the return of the expedition to Brassa sound, on the 7th of November. All the journals, even those of a private nature, were claimed by the admiralty, and given up. The conduct of the officers and crews of both ships was approved of, and it was intimated that they might volunteer for the new expedition in the spring (now about to sail,) when nearly the whole embraced the offer.

The ornamental parts of the volume are beautiful and splendid; the scientific part, of the utmost value; and the whole a credit to the spirit of the publisher.

ART. II.—*Memoirs of the Life and Campaigns of the Hon. Nathaniel Greene, Major General in the Army of the United States, and Commander of the Southern Department, in the War of the Revolution.* By Charles Caldwell, M. D. Professor of Natural History in the University of Pennsylvania. 1819.

GENERAL GREENE was the son of Nathaniel Greene, a respectable anchor-smith, of the town of Warwick in Rhode Island, and was born in the year 1741. ‘Being intended,’ we are told, ‘by his father, for the business which he had himself pursued, young Greene received, at school, nothing but the elements of a common English education. But, to himself, an acquisition, so humble and limited, was unsatisfactory and mortifying. Even now, his aim was lofty; and he had a noble ambition, not only to embark in high pursuits, but to qualify himself for a manly and honourable acquittance in them. Seeming, at this early period of life, to realize the important truth, that knowledge is power, a desire to obtain it, became, in a short time, his ruling passion.

‘He, accordingly, procured, in part by his own economy, the necessary books, and, at intervals of leisure, acquired, chiefly without the aid of an instructor, a competent acquaintance with the Latin tongue.

‘This attainment, respectable in itself, was only preliminary to higher efforts. With such funds, as he was able to raise, he purchased a small, but well selected library, and spent his evenings, and all the time he could redeem from business, in regular study. He read with a view to general improvement; but geography, travels, and military history—the latter, more especially—constituted his delight. Having, also, a predilection for mathematics, and mechanical philosophy, and pursuing, in most cases, the bent of his inclination, as far as prudence and opportunity would admit, his knowledge, in the more practical departments of these sciences, became highly respectable.’

He, however, embarked in his father's line of business, and in the regular pursuit of it employed a considerable portion of his time, until he was elevated, at an unusually early age, to a seat in the legislature of his native colony. In this situation the commencement of the revolutionary war found him; and, the undisguised part which he took in promoting an appeal to arms, caused him to be dismissed from the society of friends, of which he had antecedently been a member.

He began his military career as a private in a military association of which he was the principal promoter, and which was chartered under the name of the *Kentish Guards*, and commanded by general James M. Varnum. But in the year 1775, Rhode Island having ‘raised three regiments of militia, amounting in the whole, to about sixteen hundred, and officered by some of her most distinguished inhabitants, she placed them under the command of Mr. Greene, with the rank of brigadier general, who, without loss of time, conducted them to head quarters, in the village of Cambridge.

‘Here, having, by a single act of promotion, after a noviciate of about seven months, exchanged the rank of a private, for that of a general officer, he soon distinguished himself, in his present station, and offered to others, a most salutary example. This he did in a very special manner, and, with the happiest effect, by his prompt obedience to the commands of his superiors, at a time, when that subordination, which alone can render an army efficient and powerful, was not yet established; by habits of strict and laborious attention, in the regular study of military science; and, by the excellent discipline, which he caused to be introduced into his own brigade.’—

‘On the second of July, 1775, general Washington, invested, by congress, with the command in chief of the armies of his country, arrived at the American head-quarters, in Cambridge.

‘On this occasion, in compliment to their commander, and in testimony of their acquiescence and satisfaction, in his appointment,

the army received him, with a general and brilliant demonstration of joy.

‘But it is not in public acts, where thousands are united, that loyalty and devotion are most cordially expressed. True sincerity discloses its regards, rather in whispers, than in noisy acclamation.

‘Conscious of this truth, general Greene availed himself of an early opportunity, to welcome the commander in chief, in a personal address, in which, with that warmth of feeling, and kindness of expression, which the occasion required, he avowed his attachment to his person, his admiration of his character, his confidence in his talents, and the high gratification he derived, from the prospect of being associated with him in arms, and serving under him, in defence of the violated rights of his country.

‘This incident, was the happy prelude, to a friendship between those two great and illustrious officers, which death, alone, had the power to dissolve.’—

‘During the investment of Boston, by the American forces, a state of things, which lasted for several months, no opportunity presented itself to general Greene, to acquire distinction, by personal exploit. But his love of action, and spirit of adventure, were strongly manifested: for, he was one of the few officers of rank, who concurred with general Washington, in the propriety of attempting to carry the town by assault.

‘In consequence of this, and his high estimation of his general competency, when the commander in chief, determined, at length, on a daring enterprise against the enemy, he entrusted to him the immediate command of that division of the army, which he expected to sustain, by its firmness, the severest conflict, and vanquish, by its valour, the most formidable opposition. This was the second division, which, besides some manœuvring, during the time of action, that required judgment, coolness, and skill, in the commanding officer, had orders, in the plan of attack, to assault and carry, by the bayonet, should the resistance require it, a very strong, and well guarded point. General Washington is known to have been frustrated, in his views, on this occasion, by the interposition of occurrences, over which he had no control.

‘On the evacuation of Boston, by the British army, an event which occurred about the middle of March, 1776, the American forces, in that quarter, were permitted to repose from their toils, and to exchange, for a time, the hardships, and privations, of a field encampment, for the enjoyment of plenty, in comfortable barracks.

‘But, to the mind of general Greene, this change of condition, afforded but little relaxation or respite. To his discerning eye, the contest, which had just commenced, appeared likely to be long, impassioned, and bloody. Having, from principle, embarked in it, his fortunes, and his hopes, he was solemnly resolved, never to relinquish it, but with the liberation of his country, or the term;

nation of his life. To qualify himself, therefore, to fill in it a higher sphere, and to act a more distinguished and useful part, he continued, with unabating industry, his military studies, and, as far as opportunity served, his attention to the practical duties of the field.

'This course, steadily pursued, under the immediate supervision of Washington, could scarcely fail, to procure rank, and lead to eminence. Accordingly, on the 26th of August, 1776, he was promoted, by congress, to the rank of major general, in the regular army. This was the day preceding the destructive battle of Long Island.

'In that action, so disastrous to the Americans, general 'Greene was prevented from taking part, by a severe fit of sickness, under which he was labouring. This circumstance was deeply to be lamented, and probably contributed, in no small degree, to the misfortunes of the day.'

Upon his recovery he immediately rejoined the army, and after the loss of fort Washington, 'when fort Lee, with a garrison of three thousand troops, was threatened, and seriously endangered, by lord Cornwallis, at the head of a force, too strong to be opposed, general Greene, who commanded the station, fairly vanquished his lordship, in military address; and, by a prompt, rapid, and well devised movement, saved his detachment.'

He continued to signalize himself, and gained fresh laurels at Trenton and Princeton, and in the obstinate, and bloody conflict, known by the name of 'the battle of Brandywine,' which soon afterwards occurred, general Greene, by his distinguished conduct, added greatly to his former renown.

'In the course of it, a detachment of American troops, commanded by general Sullivan, being suddenly and unexpectedly attacked, by the enemy, retreated in disorder. General Greene, at the head of Weedon's Virginia brigade, flew to their support. So rapid was his movement, that, in forty-two minutes, he marched nearly four miles. On approaching the scene of action, he found the defeat of general Sullivan, to be a perfect rout. Not a moment was to be lost. Throwing himself into the rear, of his flying countrymen, and retreating slowly, he kept up, especially from his cannon, so destructive a fire, as greatly to retard the advance of the enemy. Arriving, at length, at a narrow defile, strongly secured, on its right and left, by thick and heavy woods, he immediately halted, sent forward his cannon, that they might be out of danger, in case of his being compelled to a hasty retreat, and formed his troops, determined to dispute the pass, with his small arms. This he effected, with complete success, notwithstanding the vast superiority of the assailants; until, after a conflict, of more than an hour, night came on, and brought it to a close. But for this interposition, Sullivan's detachment must have been nearly annihilated.

'On this occasion, only, did the slightest misunderstanding, ever occur, between general Greene, and the commander in chief. In

his general orders, after the battle, the latter had neglected to bestow any special applause, on Weedon's brigade. Against this, which he considered unjust, having himself witnessed, and reported, the firmness and good conduct, of that excellent corps, general Greene remonstrated, in person.

'General Washington replied, "You, sir, are considered my favourite officer. Weedon's brigade, like myself, are Virginians. Should I applaud them, for their achievement, under your command, I shall be charged with partiality: jealousy will be excited, and the service injured."

"Sir," exclaimed general Greene, with considerable emotion, "I trust your excellency will do me the justice to believe, that I am not selfish. In my own behalf, I have nothing to ask. Act towards *me* as you please; I shall not complain. However highly I prize your excellency's good opinion and applause, a consciousness, that I have endeavoured to do my duty, constitutes, at present, my richest reward. But, do not, sir, let me intreat you, on account of the jealousy, that may arise, in little minds, withhold justice, from the brave fellows, I had the honour to command."

'Convinced that prudence forbade the special notice, that was requested, the commander in chief persisted in his silence; and general Greene remonstrated no further. Although he continued to lament, that the gallant Virginians were deprived of the commendations so justly their due, he learnt, on cool reflection, to appreciate the motives of the commander in chief; and frankly acknowledged, that he thought them correct. Nor did he rest satisfied with this. Feeling that his conduct had been indiscreet, and his manner, at least, if not his expressions, somewhat intemperate, he lost no time in atoning for them, by an ample apology.

'Delighted with his frankness, and magnanimity, Washington replied, with a smile, "An officer, tried as you have been, who errs but once, in two years, deserves to be forgiven. As far as I have been informed, this, which you have denominated a fault, is the first you have committed, since you have served under my command." With that, he offered him his hand, and the matter terminated.'—

'At this period, the quarter-master department, in the American army, was in a very defective and alarming condition. Although vast sums of money had been expended for its use, and men of high reputation appointed to administer it, yet, in every branch of it, nothing but poverty and disorder prevailed. Without a speedy and radical reform of these grievances, general Washington had pronounced it impossible for the army, in the course of the approaching summer (1778), to be adequate to an active and efficient campaign. He even doubted its ability to continue in the field. He further declared, that such a reform, could be effected only, by the appointment of a quarter-master general, of great resources, well versed in business, and possessing practical talents of the first order. When requested, by congress, to look out for such an officer, he, at once, fixed his eye on general Greene.

'It was well known to Washington, that the soul of his friend, and favourite officer, was indissolubly wedded, not to the duties of the staff, but of the line. Notwithstanding this, he expressed, in a conversation, on the subject, with a member of congress, his entire persuasion, that, if general Greene could be convinced, of being able to render to his country, higher services, in the quarter-master department, than in the field, he would sacrifice, at once, his partialities to his patriotism, and accept the appointment. "There is not," said he, "an officer of the army, nor a man in America, more sincerely attached to the interests of his country. Could he best promote those interests in the character of a corporal, he would exchange, as I firmly believe, without a murmur, the epaulet for the knot. For, although, he is not without ambition, that ambition has not, for its object, the highest rank, so much as the *greatest good*. I have strong hopes, therefore, that he will, for a time, at least, consent to a removal from the line to the staff."

'When the office of quarter-master general, was first offered to general Greene, he declined accepting it, because its duties, would necessarily lead him, from that walk of military life, of which he was most enamoured, and for which he considered himself best qualified. After a conference, however, with the commander in chief, in which the latter urged, with peculiar earnestness, the important services he would render his country, in that capacity, he consented to an acceptance, on condition, that his rank, in the army, should not be affected, by it, and that he should forfeit nothing of his right to command, in time of action.

'On these terms, he received the appointment on the second day of March, 1778, and entered, immediately, on the duties of the office.'

His services in this new station, are described, (and justly) as most important to the cause of the revolution, although, in the highest degree irksome and ungracious to himself, from the necessity which it imposed of abstaining from the more congenial duties of the field.

He, however, during his administration of this office, took two occasions of distinguishing himself on the field of battle. In the sanguinary contest at Monmouth, he was 'entrusted with the command of the right wing of the Americans, was ordered to advance on the enemy, by a route somewhat circuitous, and then attack as circumstances might direct, and distinguished himself greatly, by his judgment and skill.

'Although somewhat disconcerted, at first, by the unexpected retreat of the van of the army, under general Lee, he selected, notwithstanding, such an advantageous position, and made so judicious an arrangement of his troops, as to contribute essentially to the success of the day.

'In the course of the action, a strong detachment of the enemy, made a bold and threatening attempt, to turn the right of the American line, and attack them in flank. In this they were defeated,

by the vigilance of Greene; who threw himself in their front, and, after an obstinate conflict, drove them back, with considerable slaughter. He, also, from a well chosen and commanding position, directed, from his cannon, with great effect, an enfilading fire, against a party of the British, who were menacing the left.'—

'General Pigot, with a division of about six thousand British troops, had been, for some time, in possession of Newport, in the state of Rhode Island.

'The arrival of the French fleet, afforded a favourable opportunity, for operating against that post, both by sea and land; the only mode, in which it could be assailed, with any reasonable prospect of success.

'An expedition of the combined forces, for its reduction, was accordingly concerted; to be under the command of general Sullivan. General Greene, being a native of Rhode Island, and of high popularity and influence, in that state, it was deemed important, that he should be present, as second in command. He received orders, therefore, to proceed, at the head of a detachment of continental troops, and join general Sullivan, in the projected enterprise.

'A duty more consonant to his spirit, or more peculiarly gratifying to the feelings of his heart, could not have been assigned him.

'His return to his native state, to liberate, from military domination and rapacity, the soil his infant feet had trodden, and the patrons, friends, and associates of his youth, was hailed, by the inhabitants, with general and lively demonstrations of joy. With an alacrity and promptitude, unprecedented, in the place, the militia of the state, with several companies from that of Massachusetts, crowded to his standard, anxious to receive his commands, and signalize, in his presence, their patriotism and valour. Hope beamed from every countenance, and a confidence was enkindled in every bosom, that the hour of vengeance, on their haughty and tyrannical invaders, was at hand. In that particular section of the country, and at that moment of enthusiasm, and laudable pride, the name of Greene, was scarcely inferior to that of Washington. Although but second, or rather, third in rank, count d'Estaing being equal in command with general Sullivan, every eye was fixed on him, as the soul and tutelary genius of the enterprise. Even leading members of the society of Friends, who had very reluctantly excluded him from their communion, did not hesitate to express their sincere satisfaction, at the elevation he had attained, in the confidence of his country. They often visited him, at his quarters, partook of his hospitality, and conversed with him freely, on public affairs.

'Nor did their kindness and attention, terminate in the mere exterior of social intercourse. Through the liberality of their spirit, his table was, oftentimes, very bounteously supplied, with the choicest viands, fruits, and wines, that their farms, orchards, and cellars afforded. One of these plain gentlemen, being asked, in jest, by a young officer, how he, an advocate of peace, could reconcile

it to his conscience, to keep so much company with general Greene, whose profession was war? promptly replied, "Friend, it is not a suit of uniform, that can either make, or spoil a man. True, I do not approve of this many-coloured apparel (pointing to the officer's dress;) but, whatever may be the form or colour of his coat, Nathaniel Greene still retains the same sound head, and virtuous heart, that gained him the love and esteem of our society. As I believe it would be in vain, for me, to endeavour to persuade him to relinquish his present dress and mode of life, I have no other way to partake of his society, but to visit him, as he is; and that is a satisfaction, I am unwilling to resign."

'Another gentleman, a member of high standing, in the same society, was heard to declare, that, with the exception of his having adopted the profession of arms, his "neighbour, Nathaniel Greene, was one of the most correct, and unoffending men, he had ever known. It is true," continued he, "that he had, always, a disposition, to influence others, and make them think, and act with him; but this he never attempted, by unfair means: he did it, by convincing them, that they were wrong and he was right; and this was his custom, when he was a very young man."

'These testimonials are the more valuable, because they relate to private worth; and are furnished by men, under no temptation to deceive, who had long and familiarly known the subject of them.

'The French admiral showing a strong disposition to an abandonment of his part of the combined operations, against the enemy, general Greene, by order of general Sullivan, repaired on board his flag ship, to confer with him, and, if necessary, to remonstrate, on the subject. This he did, with great earnestness, pertinency and force; but without the effect, which the validity of his arguments was calculated to produce.'—

'The French fleet having, at length, disappeared, and the American forces being left, in a critical situation, to contend, with the enemy, single handed, the utmost policy and skill, on the part of the general officers, became requisite to save the army from ruin.'—

'After a severe action, in which the American forces manifested the utmost firmness, and fought with great effect, general Greene, predicting that a large reinforcement of the enemy, from New York, must be near at hand, advised the commander in chief of the station, to retreat from the island, without further delay.

'Providentially the advice was followed. General Greene signalized himself, by his skill, activity, and judgment, in conducting the retreat, which was but just effected, when the anticipated reinforcement, actually appeared. Had this movement, which took place, chiefly, in the night, been delayed but a few hours, the capture, or destruction of the army of Sullivan would have been inevitable.'

In the melancholy catastrophe of Andre's tragedy Greene bore also an important part. When Andre's request to be shot, instead of being hanged, was before the council of officers, his reasoning on the subject, is thus given by his biographer; "Andre," said

he, "is either a spy, or an innocent man. If the latter, to execute him, in any way, will be murder: if the former, the mode of his death is prescribed by law, and you have no right to alter it. Nor is this all. At the present alarming crisis of our affairs, the public safety calls for a solemn and impressive example. Nothing can satisfy it, short of the execution of the prisoner, as a common spy; a character, of which his own confession has clearly convicted him. Beware how you suffer your feelings to triumph over your judgment. Indulgence to one, may be death to thousands. Through mistaken sensibility, humanity may be wounded, and the cause of freedom sustain an injury you cannot remedy.

"Besides, if you shoot the prisoner, instead of hanging him, you will excite suspicions, which you will be unable to allay. Notwithstanding all your efforts to the contrary, you will awaken public compassion, and the belief will become general, that, in the case of major Andre, there were exculpatory circumstances, entitling him to lenity, beyond what he received—perhaps entitling him to pardon. Hang him, therefore, or set him free."

'This reasoning being considered conclusive, the prisoner suffered as a common spy.'

At this period of the war, the British arms had been particularly successful in the Carolinas and Georgia, and their almost entire occupation of these states, threatened the American confederacy with a fatal dismemberment. General Gates, fresh from his conquests in the north, and with his newly acquired glory still undimmed, was sent thither to repair by the potency of his genius and the magic of his name, the misfortunes which had befallen the cause of the revolution. The battle of Cambden, it is well recollected, destroyed all the fondly cherished anticipations of his success; and, it became necessary, as Washington could not be spared from the north, to send an officer that was next to him in the estimation of the country. The selection of general Greene spake audibly the public sentiment on the subject of his qualifications; and public expectation was not disappointed.

That part of the volume which treats of his exploits in the southern states, of the vast difficulties which he overcame, and the immense disadvantages under which he laboured so successfully, has necessarily, so much general history interwoven with the personal biography, that it is less easy to give an abstract from it. The battles at the Cowpens, Guilford Court-house, Cambden, Ninety Six, Eutaw, &c., are, indeed, described chiefly by quotation from general Lee's 'Memoirs.' Greene's activity and able captainship displayed in opposition to the distinguished talents of lord Cornwallis, Tarleton, and lord Rawdon, are well known, and procured him at the time a compliment as lofty, as was ever paid to the commander of an army.

"Other generals," said the chevalier Luzerne, to a gentleman of high standing, who now resides in the city of Philadelphia, "subdue their enemy by the means with which their country, or

their sovereign furnishes them. But general Greene appears to subdue his enemy by his own means. He commenced his campaign, without either an army, provisions, or military stores. He has asked for nothing since, and yet scarcely a post arrives from the south, that does not bring intelligence of some new advantage he has gained over the foe. He conquers, by magic. History furnishes no parallel to this.”

As an episode to the story of the bloody conflict at Eutaw Springs, we are presented with the following interesting relation.

‘Two young officers bearing the same rank met in personal combat. The American perceiving that the Briton had a decided superiority, in the use of the sabre, and being himself of great activity, and personal strength almost gigantic, closed with his adversary and made him his prisoner.

‘Gentlemanly, generous, and high minded, this event, added to a personal resemblance which they were observed to bear to each other, produced between these two youthful warriors an intimacy, which increased in a short time, to a mutual attachment.

‘Not long after the action, the American officer returning home, on furlough, to settle some private business, obtained permission for his friend to accompany him.

‘Travelling without any attendants or guard, they were both armed and well mounted. Part of their route lay through a settlement highly disaffected to the American cause.

‘When in the midst of this, having, in consequence of a shower of rain, thrown around them their cloaks, which concealed their uniforms, they were suddenly encountered by a detachment of tories.

‘The young American, determined to die rather than become a prisoner, especially to men whom he held in abhorrence for disloyalty to their country, and the generous Briton resolved not to survive one by whom he had been distinguished and treated so kindly, they both together, with great spirit and self-possession, charged the royalists, having first made signals in their rear, as if directing others to follow them; and thus, without injury on either side, had the address and good fortune to put the party to flight.

‘Arriving in safety at their place of destination, what was their surprise and augmented satisfaction, on finding, from some questions proposed by the American officer’s father, that they were first cousins!

‘With increasing delight the young Briton passed several weeks in the family of his kinsman, where the writer of this narrative saw him daily, and often listened, with the rapture of a child, to the checkered story of his military adventures.

‘To heighten the occurrence, and render it more romantic, the American officer had a sister, beautiful and accomplished, whose heart soon felt for the gallant stranger, more than the affection due to a cousin. The attachment was mutual.

‘But here the adventure assumes a tragical cast. The youthful foreigner, being exchanged, was summoned to return to his regi-

ment. The message was fatal to his peace. But military honour demanded the sacrifice; and the lady, generous and high minded as himself, would not be instrumental in dimming his laurels.

'The parting scene was a high-wrought picture of tenderness and sorrow. On taking leave, the parties mutually bound themselves, by a solemn promise, to remain single a certain number of years, in the hope that an arrangement contemplated might again bring them together. A few weeks afterwards, the lady expired under an attack of small pox. The fate of the officer we never learnt.'

The closing campaign, although less fruitful in field service, was not without its difficulties of the most trying kind. The army suffered under every privation.

'Greene's own letters, at this period, present a forcible picture of the deplorable condition, to which the army was reduced, and the infinite difficulties he had to encounter in keeping the field.

"I would order," says he, to the secretary at war, "the returns you require, but we really have not paper enough to make them out; not having had, for months past, even paper to make provision returns, or to record the necessary returns of the army."

'Again—"Since we have been in the lower country, through the difficulty of transportation, we have been four weeks without ammunition, while there was plenty of this article in Charlotte. We lay within a few miles of the enemy with not *six rounds a man*. Had they got knowledge and availed themselves of our situation, they might have ruined us."

"You can have little idea of the confusion and disorder, which prevail among the southern states. Our difficulties are so numerous, and our wants so pressing, that I have not a moment's relief from the most painful anxieties."

"A great part of our troops are in a deplorable situation for want of clothing. We have three hundred men without arms; and more than a thousand so naked, that they can be put on duty only in cases of a desperate nature. We have been all winter in want of arms and clothing. The subsistence of the army is wretched, and we are without rum or any other kind of spirits."

'Superadded to the deep anxieties he felt on account of the suffering condition of his army, general Greene experienced solitudes exceedingly painful, from considerations of a personal nature.

"I was well informed," said he, in a letter to the secretary at war, "that you had let in some prejudices to my disadvantage; such as my being more influenced by men than measures; and that, in the field, I had neither activity nor enterprise. However mortifying these things were, my pride would not suffer me to undeceive you; and such was my situation, at the time, that it would have been difficult, if not impossible, had I attempted it. My military conduct must speak for itself. I have only to observe, that I have not been at liberty to follow my own genius, until lately; and here I have had more embarrassment, than it is proper to disclose to

the world. Let it suffice to say, that this part of the United States has had a narrow escape. *I have been seven months in the field, without taking my clothes off one night!"*

When, however, at length he entered Charleston, after its evacuation by the enemy, the reception which he met was well calculated to sooth his feelings, and reward his toils. 'When, conducting into the capital the civil authority of the state, he advanced, at the head of a body of cavalry, no tongue ventured, at first, to interrupt the silence that every where prevailed. The eye seemed for a time to be the only organ capable of action. Nor was it until that was satisfied with gazing, that the lips ventured to give utterance to the overflowings of the heart.

'Expressions of admiration and gratitude, faint at first, grew louder and louder, until the vast assemblage of spectators, united in a mingled tribute of thanks, applauses, and benedictions, to him, whose wisdom and valour had stayed the desolating sword of war, rescued them from the sceptre of military despotism, and given them, in prospect, a certainty of freedom, independence, and peace.

'From every quarter congratulatory addresses were presented to Greene; banquets, balls, and other festive entertainments, public and private, were provided for his gratification; fire-works and illuminations were brilliantly exhibited; and all that a liberated and generous people, in the jubilee of their soul, could devise to amuse or delight him, were expensively prepared. To crown the whole, in places of public worship, thanks were solemnly offered to the God of battles, for the various successes of the American arms, and the signal deliverance, the city had experienced.'

He was not allowed to wear his laurels in perfect tranquillity; envy and detraction, which had not spared even Washington, soon assailed his person. The army were in great distress for supplies, Mr. Banks, the contractor, had not the credit requisite to procure them, and Greene generously pledged his private property, by becoming security. Banks proved unfortunate or fraudulent, and Greene not only lost his property, but his reputation was aspersed with the charge of mercenary views, and a participation in Banks's nefarious designs.

'An accusation,' says his biographer, 'more foul in principle, or unfounded in fact, never issued from the tongue of malice. In consequence of it, the conduct of Greene in his whole connexion with Banks, was solemnly investigated at the bar of congress, by some of the most upright and intelligent men of the nation. In this scrutiny, general Hamilton was actively concerned. The result proved, as every man of intelligence was confident it would, in a high degree honourable to the reputation of Greene. From the witnesses and documents that were examined, there appeared no shadow of ground to arraign his motives. On the contrary, their purity and the general uprightness of his character were incontestably established. An official paper containing a decision to this effect, was prepared and deposited in the archives of the nation, and

the debt for which his estate had become liable, was finally paid out of the public treasury. Many years having elapsed after his death, before this decision took place, the matter not being finally adjusted until about the year 1796, his personal influence could not be regarded as efficient in the procurement of it. It was a spontaneous act of justice by the government, in behalf of the reputation and estate of an officer, whose integrity was as spotless as his services had been pre-eminent.'

Upon his return, after the peace, to his native state, his reception was 'cordial and joyous. The authorities of the commonwealth welcomed him home, with congratulatory addresses, and the chief men of the place waited on him at his dwelling, eager to testify their gratitude for his services, their admiration of his talents and virtues, and the pride with which they recognized him as a native of Rhode Island.'

He did not remain there long, but while there, exerted his influence, energetically and successfully, in favour of the unfortunate tories, now threatened with confiscation and banishment. After a residence in Rhode Island of two years, he sailed with his family for Georgia, in October, 1785, and settled on an estate near Savannah, which had been presented to him by the state of Georgia.

Here he engaged in agricultural pursuits, possessing, from the gratitude of South Carolina, an estate on the Edisto valued at ten thousand pounds sterling; besides the plantation already mentioned, which was estimated at half of that amount; and twenty-five thousand acres of land on Duck-creek, given by North Carolina. Happy too, in domestic life, as the father of two sons and three daughters, and in the recollection of a most useful and virtuous career, he had every prospect of living many years in the rich and unalloyed enjoyment, of his well earned fame. But,

'When flooded with abundance, purpled o'er
With honours, bloom'd with every bliss,
How often do we see man drop at once
Our morning's envy and our evening's sigh!
Few years but yield us proofs of Death's ambition,
To cull his victims from the fairest fold,
And sheath his shafts in all the pride of life.'

'it was the will of heaven, that in this new sphere of action, his course should be limited. The short period of seven months was destined to witness its commencement and its close.

'Walking over his grounds, as was his custom, without his hat, on the afternoon of the 15th of June 1786, the day being intensely hot, he was suddenly attacked with such a vertigo and prostration of strength, as to be unable to return to his house, without assistance. The affection was what is denominated a "stroke of the sun." It was succeeded by fever, accompanied with stupor, delirium, and a disordered stomach.

'Being in high health, at the time of his attack, his habit plethoric, and his temperament inflammatory, the disease was violent, and its progress rapid. It was a southern complaint, fiercely in-

vading a northern constitution. All efforts to subdue it proving fruitless, it terminated fatally on the 19th of the month.'

We have but few words to say by way of criticism on this book; it is rather too eulogistic for biography; a detail of such actions as those of Greene, is only loaded and encumbered, without being at all improved, by incessant praise. Every epithet of commendation is not only given, but lavished by the author upon his hero, in such immoderate profusion, that they rather interfere with the admiration which would otherwise be excited in the reader's mind. We do not mean to say that Greene did not deserve all praise, but there is an obvious and proper distinction between the style suitable to funereal eulogium, and that which is appropriate to posthumous biography; and this distinction Dr. C. has not observed. This is the most striking fault. We cannot but regret also the total absence of familiar letters and anecdotes of private life, by means of which a biographer successfully endeavours to render us familiar with the character and domestic life of his subject. Still, however, the work is a very respectable effort, in a species of composition which is too little cultivated among us, and is a valuable addition to the literature of our country. We extract the following account of some of the officers who were particularly distinguished in the Southern war, as a fair specimen of the style and manner of the work.

'Another officer, destined to figure with great lustre, in the army of the south, was colonel William Washington. An honest soldier, brave as Ajax, and scarcely inferior in personal strength, always impetuous, at times, perhaps, rash, in action, his sword was his idol; and he was calculated to execute, rather than plan. Leaving to others, the deliberations of the closet, he panted for the field; and his delight, there, was in the tumult of battle. Yet, when the nature of the service, he was engaged in, required it, he manifested, on several occasions, a ready aptitude for the stratagems of war. This officer commanded, now, a regiment of continental cavalry.

'He was the eldest son of Baily Washington, Esq., of Stafford county, in the state of Virginia; and belonged to a younger branch, of the original Washington family.

'In the commencement of the war, and at an early period of life, he had entered the army, as captain of a company of infantry, under the command of general Mercer. In this corps, he had acquired, from actual service, a practical knowledge of the profession of arms.

'He fought in the battle of Long Island; and, in his retreat, through New Jersey, accompanied his great kinsman, cheerful under the gloom, coolly confronting the danger, and bearing, with exemplary fortitude and firmness, the heavy misfortunes, and privations, of the time.

'In the successful attack, on the British post at Trenton, captain Washington acted a brilliant, and most important part. Perceiving

the enemy, about to form a battery, and point it, in a narrow street, against the advancing American column, he charged them, at the head of his company, drove them from their guns, and, thus, prevented, certainly, the effusion of much blood, perhaps, the repulse, of the assailing party. In this act of heroism, he received a severe wound, in the wrist. It is but justice to add, that, on this occasion, captain Washington was ably, and most gallantly supported, by lieutenant Monroe, now president of the United States, who also sustained a wound, in the hand.

‘ Shortly after this adventure, Washington was promoted to a majority, in a regiment of horse. In this command, he was very actively engaged, in the northern and middle states, with various success, until the year 1780. Advanced to the rank of lieutenant-colonel, and placed at the head of a regiment of cavalry, composed of the remains of three, that had been reduced, by sickness and battle, he was, then, attached to the army, under general Lincoln, engaged in the defence of South Carolina.

‘ Here, his service was various, and his course eventful; marked, by a few brilliant strokes of fortune, but checkered with two severe disasters. The first of these reverses, was at Monk’s corner, where he himself commanded; the other, at Leneau’s ferry, where he was second, in command, to colonel White.

‘ Inured to an uncommon extent, and variety of hard service, and sufficiently disciplined, in the school of adversity, colonel Washington, although a young man, was, now, a veteran, in military experience. Added to this, he was somewhat accustomed to a warm climate, and had acquired, from actual observation, considerable knowledge, of that tract of country, which was to constitute, in future, the theatre of war.

‘ Such was this officer, when, at the head of a regiment of cavalry, he was attached to the army of general Greene. The most distinguished of his subsequent achievements, will be noticed in the regular course of our narrative.

‘ One of his partisan exploits, however, the result of a well conceived stratagem, must be succinctly narrated.

‘ Having learnt, during a scouting excursion, that a large party of loyalists, commanded by colonel Rudgley, was posted at Rudgley’s mill, twelve miles from Cambden, he determined on attacking them.

‘ Approaching the enemy, he found them so secured, in a large log barn, surrounded by abbattis, as to be perfectly safe, from the operations of cavalry.

‘ Forbidden, thus, to attempt his object, by direct attack, his usual and favourite mode of warfare, he determined, for once, to have recourse to policy.

‘ Shaping, therefore, a pine log, in imitation of a field-piece, mounting it on wheels, and staining it with mud, to make it look like iron, he brought it up, in military style, and affected to make arrangements to batter down the barn.

‘To give to the stratagem solemnity and effect, he despatched a flag, warning the garrison of the impending destruction, and, to prevent blood-shed, summoned them to submission.

‘Not prepared to resist artillery, colonel Rudgley obeyed the summons; and, with a garrison of one hundred and three, rank and file, surrendered at discretion.

‘In the spring of 1782, colonel Washington married miss Elliot, of Charleston, and established himself at Sandy-Hill, her ancestral seat.

‘After the conclusion of peace, he took no other concern, in public affairs, than to appear, occasionally, in the legislature of South Carolina.

‘When general Washington accepted the command in chief, of the armies of the United States, under the presidency of Mr. Adams, he selected, as one of his staff, his kinsman, colonel William Washington, with the rank of brigadier general. Had other proof been wanting, this alone, was sufficient to decide his military worth.

‘In private life, he was a man of unsullied honour, united to an amiable temper, lively manners, a hospitable disposition, and a benevolent heart.

‘A third officer, of great distinction, in the southern army, was colonel Howard, of Baltimore. He commanded the second regiment of Maryland regulars; and, for gallantry and firmness, decision of character, and sound judgment, was not exceeded, by any officer, of his rank, in the service of his country.

‘With great intelligence, and skill in arms, he was one of those heroic spirits, on whom general Greene reposed his hopes, during the time he was deepest in adversity, and, in his high determination, to recover the south, or perish in the attempt.

‘Although he had been in commission, first, as captain, and afterwards, as major, from the month of June, 1776, he does not appear to have been much engaged in action, until he took his station, at the head of a regiment, in the southern army.

‘Accomplished in tactics, and ripe in experience, although only, now, in his twenty-seventh year, he was, in all respects, fitted for the operations of the field.

‘Accordingly, no sooner did an opportunity for action present itself, than his valour, as a soldier, and his reputation, as a commander, became conspicuous, in the midst of the accomplished and the brave.

‘His brightest laurel was gathered at the Cowpens, where, assuming to himself the responsibility of the act, he charged, without orders, and, at the point of the bayonet, discomfited and scattered, a party of the enemy, superior in number to his own command, and consisting of the flower of the British army.

‘His interview, immediately after the action, with general Morgan, the commanding officer, was eminently interesting; and, were

other evidence wanting, shows, on how precarious a footing, stands, the reputation, and the life, of a warrior.

“My dear Howard,” said Morgan, cordially pressing his hand, as he spoke, “you have given me victory, and I love and honour you; but, had you failed in your charge, which you risked without orders, I would have shot you.”

‘Previously to this, colonel Howard had distinguished himself among those, who, by their gallantry and good conduct, had sustained the character of the American arms, and prevented the utter destruction of the forces, in the battle near Cambden, where Gates was defeated.

‘Nor was he entitled to less applause, for the spirit and judgment, which he afterwards displayed, at Guilford, Hobkirk’s hill, and the Eutaw springs; at the latter of which, he was severely wounded.

‘But a letter, from general Greene, dated November 14th, 1781, to a friend, in Maryland, is conclusive, as to the military reputation of colonel Howard.

“This will be handed to you, says the general, by colonel Howard, as good an officer, as the world affords. He has great ability, and the best disposition, to promote the service. My own obligations to him are great—the public’s still more so. He deserves a statue of gold, no less than the Roman and Grecian heroes. He has been wounded, but has happily recovered, and now goes home, to pay a little attention to his private affairs, and to take charge of the fifth Maryland regiment, recruiting in your state.

“With great respect, and esteem,

“I am, dear sir, yours,

“N. GREENE.”

‘Colonel Howard was born, June 4th, 1752, on his ancestral estate, near the city of Baltimore. His paternal ancestors were from England, his maternal, from Ireland. The descendant of a gentleman, easy in circumstances, his education was such as, his rank and fortune entitled him to receive.

‘On the conclusion of the war, he married miss Chew, daughter of the honourable Benjamin Chew, of Philadelphia.

‘Contented and happy, in domestic life, and much occupied, with his private affairs, he has never sought political honours, but left to others to govern the country, which he, by his valour, had contributed to set free.

‘He still resides on his patrimonial estate, surrounded by a large and respectable family, pre-eminent in affluence, and passing the evening of his life, in that dignified and felicitous retirement, which a high and unsullied reputation, a peaceful conscience, a cultivated intellect, and polished manners, alone can bestow.

‘A fourth officer, uniting, in himself, all that gives dignity and worth to the private citizen, and excellence to the commander, was colonel Otho H. Williams, also a native of the state of Maryland.

‘This gentleman was formed for eminence in any station. His talents were of a high order, and his attainments, various and extensive. Possessing a person of uncommon symmetry, and peculiarly distinguished, by the elegance of his manners, he would have graced, alike, a court or a camp.

‘Rich in that species of military science, which is acquired by experience, and a correct, systematic, and severe disciplinarian, general Greene confided to him the important trust, of adjutant general to the southern army. The services, which in this, and other capacities, he rendered to that division of the American forces, in the course of their toilsome and perilous operations, were beyond all praise.

‘He was born, in the county of Prince George, in the year 1748, and received, during his youth, but a slender education. This, he so much improved, by subsequent study, that few men had a finer taste, or a more cultivated intellect.

‘He commenced his military career, as lieutenant of a rifle company, in 1775; and, in the course of the following year, was promoted to the rank of major, in a rifle regiment.

‘In this corps, he very honourably distinguished himself, in the defence of fort Washington, on York Island, when assaulted by sir William Howe; and, on the surrender of that post, became a prisoner.

‘Having suffered much, by close confinement, during his captivity, he was exchanged, for major Ackland, after the capture of Burgoyne, and immediately rejoined the standard of his country.

‘Being now promoted to the rank of colonel of a regiment of infantry, he was detached, under the baron De Kalb, to the army of the south.

‘General Gates having been appointed to the command of this division of the American forces, he was present with that officer, at his defeat, before Camden; and, during the action, manifested great valour, and skill, in directing, and leading the operations against the enemy, while resistance was practicable; and, an equal degree of self-possession and address, in conducting the troops from the field, when compelled to retreat.

‘But, as an officer, his valour and skill, in battle, were among the lowest of his qualifications. His penetration and sagacity, united to a profound judgment, and a capacious mind, rendered him, in the cabinet, particularly valuable.

‘Hence, he was one of general Greene’s favourite counsellors, during the whole of his southern campaigns. Nor did any thing ever occur, either through neglect, or mistake, to impair the confidence, thus reposed in him. In no inconsiderable degree, he was to Greene, what that officer had been to general Washington, his strongest hope, in all emergencies, where great policy and address were required.

‘This was clearly manifested, by the post assigned to him, by general Greene, during his celebrated retreat, through North Carolina.

‘ In that great and memorable movement, on which the fate of the south was staked, to Williams was confided the command of the rear guard, which was literally the shield and rampart of the army. Had he relaxed, but for a moment, in his vigilance and exertion, or been guilty of a single imprudent act, ruin must have ensued.

‘ Nor was his command much less momentous, when, recrossing the Dan, Greene again advanced on the enemy. Still in the post of danger and honour, he now, in the van of the army, commanded the same corps, with which he had previously moved in the rear. But of these operations, it will be our business to speak more particularly hereafter.

‘ A military friend, who knew him well, has given us the following summary of his character.

‘ “ He possessed that range of mind, although self-educated, which entitled him to the highest military station, and was actuated by true courage, which can refuse, as well as give battle. Soaring far above the reach of vulgar praise, he singly aimed at promoting the common weal, satisfied with the consciousness of doing right, and desiring only that share of applause, which was justly his own.

‘ “ There was a loftiness and liberality, in his character, which forbade resort to intrigue and hypocrisy, in the accomplishment of his views, and rejected the contemptible practice, of disparaging others to exalt himself.

‘ “ In the field of battle, he was self-possessed, intelligent, and ardent; in camp, circumspect, attentive, and systematic; in council, sincere, deep, and perspicuous. During the campaigns of general Greene, he was uniformly one of his few advisers, and held his unchanged confidence. Nor was he less esteemed by his brother officers, or less respected by his soldiery.”

We conclude our extracts with the following *note*, taken from the appendix.

Mecklenburgh Declaration of Independence.

‘ The present work purporting to develop somewhat of the spirit and character of the people of the south, during the war of the revolution, the publication of the following curious and interesting document is so far relevant to its design.

‘ On the authenticity of the article, it is believed that a perfect reliance may be placed.

‘ With the chairman and secretary (*clerk*, as the latter is there denominated) as well as with colonel Thomas Polk, a very spirited and leading member of the association, the writer of these Memoirs was intimately acquainted; and knows them to have been capable of all that is virtuous, patriotic, and daring.

‘ Their proceedings clearly show, that while Virginia and Massachusetts are contending for the honour of having given birth to

the *revolutionary spirit* of our country, the state of North Carolina took the lead of both, in a formal manifestation of the *spirit of independence*.

‘ We need not indicate to the reader the identity of the language, which closes the third *resolution* of the Mecklenburgh declaration, with that closing the last section of our national declaration, which was prepared and adopted more than a year afterwards.

North Carolina, Mecklenburgh County, May 20th, 1775.

“ In the spring of 1775, the leading characters of Mecklenburgh county, stimulated by the enthusiastic patriotism which elevates the mind above considerations of individual aggrandisement, and scorning to shelter themselves from the impending storm, by submission to lawless power, &c. &c. held several detached meetings, in each of which the individual sentiments were, that the cause of Boston was the cause of all; and their destinies were indissolubly connected with those of their eastern fellow-citizens—and that they must either submit to all the impositions which an unprincipled, and to them an unrepresented parliament might impose—or support their brethren who were doomed to sustain the first shock of that power, which, if successful there, would ultimately overwhelm all in the common calamity. Conformably to these principles, colonel Adam Alexander, through solicitation, issued an order to each captain’s company in the county of Mecklenburgh (then comprising the present county of Cabarrus) directing each militia company to elect two persons, and delegate to them ample power to devise ways and means to aid and assist their suffering brethren in Boston, and also generally to adopt measures to extricate themselves from the impending storm, and to secure, unimpaired, their inalienable rights, privileges and liberties from the dominant grasp of British imposition and tyranny.

“ In conforming to said order, on the 19th of May, 1775, the said delegation met in Charlotte, vested with unlimited powers; at which time official news, by express, arrived of the battle of Lexington on that day of the preceding month. Every delegate felt the value and importance of the prize, and the awful and solemn crisis which had arrived—every bosom swelled with indignation at the malice, inveteracy, and insatiable revenge developed in the late attack at Lexington. The universal sentiment was—let us not flatter ourselves that popular harangues, or resolves; that popular vapour will avert the storm, or vanquish our common enemy—let us deliberate—let us calculate the issue—the probable result; and then let us act with energy as brethren leagued to preserve our property—our lives—and what is still more endearing, the liberties of America.—*Abraham Alexander* was then elected chairman, and *John M’ Knitt Alexander*, clerk. After a free and full discussion of the various objects for which the delegation had been convened, it was unanimously ordained—

“ 1. *Resolved*, That whosoever directly or indirectly abetted, or in any way, form, or manner, countenanced the unchartered and

dangerous invasion of our rights, as claimed by Great Britain, is an enemy to his country—to America—and to the inherent and unalienable rights of man.

“2. *Resolved*, That we, the citizens of Mecklenburgh county, do hereby dissolve the political bands which have connected us to the mother country, and hereby dissolve ourselves from all allegiance to the British crown, and abjure all political connexion, contract, or association with that nation, who have wantonly trampled on our rights and liberties—and inhumanly shed the innocent blood of American patriots at Lexington.

“3. *Resolved*, That we do hereby declare ourselves a free and independent people; are, and of right ought to be, a sovereign and self governing association, under the control of no power other than that of our God and the general government of the congress: to the maintenance of which independence, we solemnly pledge to each other our mutual co-operation, our lives, our fortunes, and our most sacred honour.

“4. *Resolved*, That, as we now acknowledge the existence and control of no law or legal officer, civil or military, within this county, we do hereby ordain and adopt, as a rule of life, all, each, and every of our former laws—wherein, nevertheless, the crown of Great Britain never can be considered as holding rights, privileges, immunities, or authority therein.

“5. *Resolved*, That it is also further decreed, that all, each, and every military officer in this county is hereby reinstated to his former command and authority, he acting conformably to these regulations. And that every member present of this delegation shall henceforth be a civil officer, viz. a justice of the peace, in the character of a ‘committee man,’ to issue process, hear and determine all matters of controversy, according to said adopted laws, and to preserve peace, and union, and harmony, in said county; and to use every exertion to spread the love of country and fire of freedom throughout America, until a more general and organized government be established in this province.”

ART. III.—*Geographical Description of Florida.*

[The anticipated annexation of Florida, to our territory, renders an accurate knowledge of its geography very desirable. It is, however, but little understood. The following description is inserted to meet the public curiosity upon the subject.]

FLORIDA.

378 length	{ between 25° and 31° N. Lat. }	Sq. miles,
228 breadth		

Boundaries.—On the north by Georgia and Alabama; on the south by the gulf of Mexico; on the east by the Atlantic, and gulf of Florida; and on the west by the gulf of Mexico, and part of Alabama.

Divisions.—This country is divided into East and West Florida; East Florida containing about 50,000, and West Florida about 6,500 square miles.

Population.—The present population does not exceed 12,000, exclusive of Indians. The inhabitants mostly reside in towns.

Chief towns.—St. Augustine and Pensacola are the only towns of much consideration.

St. Augustine, the capital of East Florida, is situated on the east coast, on the bay of St. Augustine, in latitude 30° north, and longitude $4^{\circ} 25'$ west; containing 4000 inhabitants. It is a healthy place, having a high and dry situation, with the benefits of the sea-breezes. The figure of the town is a parallelogram, laid out at the foot of an eminence on the beach; with four wide parallel streets, intersected by others of smaller dimensions, at right angles. The church of St. Augustine, with the monastery, are the most conspicuous edifices of the town. The town is well fortified; the castle St. Juan being built of stone, with four bastions, the curtains between which are 180 feet long, and 20 feet high. The buildings are fire proof, and partly casemated. St. Augustine has resisted successfully several formidable attacks.

Besides St. Augustine, there are several small villages in East Florida; the principal of which is St. Mark's, situated on the river St. Mark's, near the Apalachia bay.

Pensacola, the capital of West Florida, is situated on the west side of Pensacola bay, having a fine harbour, safe from every wind, with plenty of water. Pensacola is in latitude $30^{\circ} 28'$ north, and longitude 10° west, sixty miles east of Mobile. Its figure is a parallelogram one mile long, and a quarter of a mile wide; and it is accounted a healthy place. The entrance into the bay is fortified. The country north of the town, is watered by the Escambia, Coneuch, and Yellow rivers, rising in Alabama, and running into the bay of Pensacola.

The other villages of West Florida are *St. Joseph*, near cape St. Blaz in the gulf of Mexico; *Wells*, on the west side of St. Andrew's bay; and *Cambeltown*, seven miles northeast of Pensacola, and at the head of the same bay.

Rivers.—*Apalachicola*, the principal river of the Floridas, rises at the point where North Carolina, South Carolina, Tennessee, and Georgia, approach; and, running across the last, becomes the boundary, for some distance, between it and Alabama. Leaving Alabama, it becomes the boundary between West Florida and Georgia; and, at the mouth of Flint, flowing in from the northeast, it becomes the boundary between the two Floridas. It then proceeds towards the gulf of Mexico, and discharges itself into St. George's sound, near cape St. Blaz.

St. Mary's, rising in the Ekanfanoka swamp, runs to the Atlantic, between Georgia and East Florida.

St. John's, rises in the south of East Florida, and running north a short distance, forms Mayaco lake. This lake throws out

several small streams running east into the Atlantic, and southwest into the gulf of Mexico; but the principal outlet proceeds directly north, forming in its way four other lakes, the chief of which is lake George. At Poppa or Piccolata, it changes its direction from north to northeast, and runs into the Atlantic, near Talbot-island, about midway between St. Augustine and St. Mary's. The source, situation, course, length, and outlet of this river lead to a number of reflections, in relation to the face of the country, and its internal communications. In the first place, it would appear that lake Mayaco occupies the highest point of land in East Florida; streams running from it, by various directions, into the Atlantic and gulf of Mexico. In the second place, it has formed a water communication between the northeast and southwest shores of East Florida. In the third place, there is only sixty miles distance between lake George and Espiritu-Santa bay, the rivers of the one interlocking with the waters of the other; making the communication by water from the Atlantic to the gulf of Mexico very direct and short. In the fourth place, the river St. John's is a natural reservoir, to supply canals in every part of the territory, to shorten the conveyance of merchandize, between the Atlantic and gulf of Mexico. In the fifth place, a question is suggested, *whence come the springs that supply lake Mayaco?* It is higher than the level of the Atlantic and gulf of Mexico, as is proved by water falling in rapid currents from its basin into both. There are no lands on the peninsula, higher than the lake itself, at least below the 30° north latitude, which is distant from the lake 250 miles.

This sketch not being designed to discuss, at length, physical questions, arising out of the phenomena that appear on the face of the territory, more is not intended here, than barely to excite the investigation of naturalists and philosophers. It is deemed sufficient, for the present, barely to intimate that lake Mayaco is supplied by a subterraneous channel, leading from a fountain situated in the upper regions of Georgia, perhaps in the Allegany mountains. Calculating this covert channel of the St. John's, it is perhaps the longest river running into the Atlantic.

Suwanny, another river rising in the Ekanfanoka swamp, pursuing a winding course of 200 miles, falls into the Apalachia bay. This is said to be the purest river in America, receiving in its course no tributary streams or creeks; but is supplied entirely by springs along its banks. It is 200 yards wide, and twenty feet deep, at Talaho-sochete in East Florida.

In addition to those already mentioned, of East Florida, there are, running into the Atlantic, *Naussa*, *India*, *Greenouille*, *St. Sebastian*, *St. Lucia*; running into the gulf of Mexico, *North-river*, *Delaware*, *Caxinba*, *Coloasa*, *Charlotte*, *New*, *Rocky-river*, *Haley's*, *Amajura*; running into Espiritu-Santa bay, *Tampa*, *Hellsborough*, *Manette*; and running into the Apalachian bay, *St. Mark's*, and *Oke-tock-onne*.

The rivers of West Florida are the *Perdido*, so called because it loses itself a short distance under ground—*Perdido-río*, signifying *lost river*, is the boundary between Mobile county, in Alabama, and West Florida; *Escambia*, *Conneuch*, *Yellow*, *St. Andrews*, *Sweet-water*, &c.

Swamps.—The great *Ekanfanoka*, called by the natives, *Ouaquaphenogau*, lies between Georgia and East Florida, and is divided between them by an imaginary line. It is estimated 300 miles in circumference, and, in a wet season, has the appearance of a vast lake, studded with islands. The soil of the islands, or firm land, in this immense morass, is indescribably rich; as is most of the marshy ground in both the Floridas. To clear, and put them into successful culture, will require immense labour.

Lakes.—The principal of these have already been mentioned in tracing the great river *St. John's* of the south.

Islands.—*Amelia*, *Talbot*, *St. Anastatia*, *Biscaino*, *Ball*, *Newcastle*, *Bradshaw*, *Tortugas*, *St. George's*, *Corn-island*, *Roebuck*, *Santa Rosa*.

Bays.—*St. Augustine*, *Smyrna*, *Chatham*, *Charlotte*, *Espiritu-Santa*, *St. Joseph*, *Apalachia*, *Pensacola*, *St. Andrew's*, *Perdido*, *St. Mary's*, *Carlos Capes*, *Carneveral*, *Florida*, *Sable*, *Roman*, *St. Blaz*, &c.

Soil.—The major part is sandy, covered with long-leaf-pine. On the rivers, creeks, lakes, and swamps, the soil is of the first quality, and produce sugar, cotton, corn, indigo, rice, &c., equal to the best lands of Georgia. Some of the islands are valuable on account of their fertility.

Produce.—In addition to those mentioned above, are, potatoes, melons, ground-peas, lemons, oranges, olives, figs, cocoa-nuts, plums, and cochineal.

Natural growth.—Immense white and red oak, the splendid and beautiful magnioli, cypress, red and white cedar, crab-oak, mulberry, hiccory, sassafras, palms, walnuts, cabbage-tree, &c., grow in masses, and form in summer the most delightful shades for man and beast. The flowering shrubbery and plants of Florida, are indicated by the name of the country; and do not owe their existence to fancy. Here the busy bee and the singing birds sport in ecstasies.

Animals.—Horses, flocks of sheep, goats, herds of cattle, and droves of swine, are reared in Florida. In desert places, wild animals, such as otters, hares, rabbits, racoons, foxes, opossums, squirrels, salamanders, gophers, alligators, and various reptiles abound. The alligators are frightfully large, but generally harmless; fewer accidents arising from their voracity or ferocity, notwithstanding their numbers, than from the viciousness of many of the domestic animals.

Government.—The Floridas, lately provinces of Spain, were under the *capitania-general* of the Havanna, with military governors at *St. Augustine* and *Pensacola*, and commandants at the smaller posts. Since the treaty ceding them to the United States, 1819,

congress passed an act, authorising the president to take possession, in the event of the ratification of the treaty by the Spanish monarch, and to establish a provisional government for the territory.

Indians.—The Indians of Florida reside mostly in the neighbourhood of Apalachia bay; but, they are a vagrant people, wandering to and from the towns. They are called *Seminoles*; and, as the name imports, are *runaways* from the Creeks, and other nations to the north of Florida. Their habits are mean, little of the magnanimity of the Creeks, Cherokees, Choctaws, &c. remaining with them. Their vagabond habits have been encouraged by an association with the vilest swindlers and cut-throats—Americans, Englishmen, and Spaniards—who have either fled hither from the justice of the law; or resorted to this scene for the sake of traffic with the Indians. This horrible band, augmented by runaway negroes, have been exceedingly troublesome to the peace and safety of the inhabitants of the south-west counties of Georgia—stealing, robbing, and murdering—until they were completely overthrown by general Jackson, in the short, but vigorous campaign of 1818.

History.—This country was discovered by Sebastian Cabot in 1497. It has frequently changed masters, belonging alternately to the French and Spaniards. The French first formed a small establishment in Florida in 1564, from which they were driven in the following year, by the Spaniards, who then began to form settlements themselves. At the peace of 1763 Florida was ceded to England, in exchange for the Havanna, which had been taken from the Spaniards. While it was in possession of the English, it was divided into East and West Florida, separated by the Apalachicola. During the American war, in the year 1781, both the Floridas were reduced by the Spaniards, to whom they were confirmed by the peace of 1783. It remained in quiet possession of Spain, until the late war between the United States and Great Britain, when Pensacola was entered by general Jackson, in pursuit of the British forces, who were there sheltered and provisioned. In 1818, a war having broken out between the United States and the Seminole Indians, residing in East and West Florida, the Indians were pursued to the Spanish posts, St. Mark's, Pensacola, &c., where it being discovered that the Spanish commandants had not acquitted their neutrality, nor exerted their influence to preserve the peace, as required by the treaty relations, between the United States and Spain, general Jackson demolished the towns on Shuwanny, captured the post of St. Mark's, the town of Pensacola, and fort Barancas, and transported the governor and troops to Havanna. Pensacola was immediately restored by the president to the Spanish authority.

ART. IV.—*The Hermit in London, or Sketches of English Manners.*

[From the Journal of Belles Lettres.]

RIGID ECONOMY.

'Thy nags—the leanest things alive—
So very hard thou lov'st to drive;
I heard thy anxious coachman say
It cost thee more in whips than hay.'

WHEN I see half starved cattle attached to a carriage, and observe a constant succession and change of servants in the houses of the great,—when I regret to behold the unanswered petitions of the necessitous almost thrown at them, and remark that I never noticed a pauper relieved at a neighbour's door,—I am convinced that grinding economy, the slave of pride, is the cause of all this havoc to man and beast.

Where economy, however, is only the representative of honest poverty, or is more properly mere self-denial for some laudable purpose,—for instance, to pay a parent's debts, to disencumber an estate for a son, or to provide for indigent relatives, and those who have natural ties upon us,—I honour those who are reduced to these abnegations, and I respect the motive which occasions them.

But how few instances do we behold of self-denial, in order to rescue the name of a father or of a husband, whose ashes now repose in the tomb, from the infamy and the charge of injustice? How few fathers, like the virtuous Cremorne, consider the honour of a departed son identified with their own, and will allow no one to name him with a claim or with a reproach in his mouth! How few instances of parental, of conjugal, and of filial piety, exist in this respect! Nay, we rarely find people resort to self-denials in order to pay their own personal debts; whilst a title, or a senatorial privilege, saves them from arrest. Yet every day we see acts of barbarous, contemptible, and pinching penury, in order to pamper pride, to gild nothingness, to obtain transitory respect, which never can survive a perfect knowledge of the character, or rather, that kind of homage, of consideration, or deference which little minds pay to fine dress, fine furniture, to the skeletons of half-starved cattle, and to pining and hungry livery men just hired, or just wearing out their month of warning.

Here we behold a haughty old maid, perhaps with honourable Miss tacked to her name, whose slender pittance would keep herself and waiting-woman in comfort, leaving a crust for the poor, or the tithe of her reverence for the noblest duties of humanity; but, in order that she may give a couple of routs, and be followed daily by half-fed footmen of six feet high, the waiting-maid and liveryman must keep lent all the year round, and the poor must be driven trembling from her door.

In another quarter of the town we have the widow of high life, whose late husband's debts and difficulties scarcely leave her enough with which to keep house; yet must her establishment be maintained—the same number of domestics, of horses, and of car-

riages, to compass which the poor quadrupeds are half fed, and the bipeds are wholly unpaid, and either fed upon promises, or upon their savings in former places, being allowed to run on an account of board wages and standing wages without any certain time of payment for either.

Here, Miss Priscilla, whose Pa was a merchant, has fortune enough for house, for servants—male and female, for hospitality, and for charity; but, then, although her charms are either invisible to all but her own partial eye, or are declining apace, yet she may make a good match, and as appearance is every thing, she must have her landau to sun herself in, and her men both in livery and out of it. For this purpose, the hospitable board must shrink into a sandwich and a glass of table-beer for self,—not at home, for poor relations,—meagre fare for her domestics, and a sparing hand for her poor cattle: add to which, coachee converts the economical allowance of corn into ale or gin for himself, and trusts to the stimulus of the whip instead of hand-feeding to get his sorry animals on; whilst the poor, who blessed the sire, now anathematize the daughter, with famished countenances and with angry looks.

Knighthood has raised sir Robert above himself. He was once the faithful picture of an honest John Bull. Substantial fare furnished the plenteous board both above stairs and below; his friends, his neighbours, his clerks, and his servants, his porters and shopmen, his dependants and the poor, all partook of his generosity; and every thing flourished. Now, he fain would be the courtier, and would act and look the nobleman.

My lady too, has suffered a metamorphosis, since she was presented at court. Now, Botolph-lane smells offensive to her nose; St. Paul's church is an eye-sore to her quality; its matin bell an impertinent intrusion on her first sleep;—she must have a house in some of the squares, (not Finsbury, for that has counting house-smoke in it, and savours of sugar and tobacco, of tea and indigo, of odious articles of traffic from the East and West Indies:) she must have her villa at Richmond or at Wimbledon, and her hot-house, conservatory, etcetera; not forgetting expensive dress and extravagant losses at play, in order to pay her *footing* amongst the nobility.

To meet all these expenditures, the open table is retrenched; state dinners are given in imitation of ministerial ones, but differing in this leading feature, that there—not a guest is asked but from some motive of interest, public or private,—not a dish but is paid for again and again; nor is there even a miserable rat about the house that does not bring his price with him. Clerks, relatives, and dependents, are either treated as inferiors, or wholly *cut*; the servants' stomachs are gauged by my lady's wants, in order to pay her play debts; the horses' appetites are measured by the hunger of coachmen and grooms, unaccustomed to half allowance or short commons, and who purloin the corn to make up the deficit; all is finery or misery, excess or starvation, (the latter always falling to

the lot of the lower hardworking class;) the poor have no longer any portion in their bowels of compassion; nor have their bowels any portion of their former allowance; all is changed, all is external pomp and internal parsimony.

Such, too, is the rage for fashion, that every thing is immolated at its shrine; so that an empty coxcomb will put his whole fortune on his back, doing injustice to all around, in order to occupy a place in the beau monde; and a vain female will spend as much on rouge, odours, cosmetics, foreign frippery, and domestic dissipation, as would keep a whole family creditably, whilst she starves herself at home, and forces her abigail either to vice or dishonesty, in order to nourish the *en bon point* of her person, and the rose upon her cheek.

I know a lady, who has such a rage for high life, that, leaving a score of unprovided kinsmen and kinswomen in Essex, she has fixed her head-quarters in town. There she has sunk her small fortune for an annuity; what used to procure a substantial dinner daily, is converted into feathers and French lace; four maid-servants are turned into one footman and a char-woman; cousin Betty's annuity pays for the share of an opera box; the fat horses have been sold for a vis-a-vis with job cattle; the cows, poultry, and favourites of the brute species, with all implements of horticulture, dairy, etcetera, are melted into a suit of pearls; whilst the pittance of the poor hires musicians for one ball. Not a fragment must be lost, in order to pay for the chalking of her floors; and the flowers, which adorn her saloon, are extracted from so many ounces diurnally purloined from the stomachs of her two established attendants; whilst she shabbily receives the card-money, in order to remunerate occasional hired domestics, who are to swell her consequence by their number, at her occasional entertainment, and to impose upon the ignorant as her regular retinue.

These gilded meannesses, and unworthy sacrifices, are, every where, and in every body, unbecoming and disgusting. They proceed from a narrow heart and shallow understanding; and are generally and deservedly punished by the detection of envy. The thin veil which covers these moral deformities is easily seen through; and contempt and derision are, not unfrequently, substituted for admiration and praise, just as those who raise a dust in order to blind their neighbours, are obscured and smothered by it themselves.

I spare the name of a dowager, whose allowance to servants is a red herring or an egg each per diem, and half a pound of coarse bread, with the smallest beer in Europe. This enables her to keep a man and a boy, and to give Madeira at her suppers; whilst port and sherry, and one male less, might have afforded one good meal to each of the inmates of her house. It happened, that the footboy's stomach making an ugly rumbling behind her ladyship's chair at supper, she gave him one of her petrifying looks, and asked him what was that vile noise which she heard? The lad (an Aberdo-

nian) answered, 'It's naething but an empty soond, my leddy.' A general titter seized her guests, among which was

THE HERMIT IN LONDON.

ART. V.—*New American Poems.*

1. *New England, and other Poems*; by William B. Tappan. Philadelphia. 1819. 24mo. pp. 108.
2. *Imagination; The Maniac's Dream, and other Poems*; by Henry T. Farmer, M. D. Member of the Historical Society of New York. New York. 1819. 12mo. pp. 163.
3. *Mississippian Scenery*, a Poem, descriptive of the interior of North America; by Charles Mead. Philadelphia. 1819. 12mo. pp. 113.
4. *The Frontier Maid, or a Tale of Wyoming*; a Poem in Five Cantos. Wilkesbarre. 1819. pp. 208.
5. *The Battle of Niagara*. Second edition. *Enlarged* with other Poems; by John Neal. Baltimore 1819. pp. 272.

IF the poetical department of our national literature, has heretofore suffered under neglect and fallen into disrepute, certainly present indications seem to promise an alteration for the better.

The poems whose titles we have mentioned above, all recently published, although not perhaps destined to immortalize their authors, are all very respectable, and merit a welcome admission into the libraries of our belles-lettres scholars. The public will naturally augur well, from seeing the fearlessness with which these young, or at least new poets, put themselves forward, giving their names openly, with their productions, to the world, as an assurance of their own confidence in the merit of their poetry, and in the liberal judgment of their fellow citizens.

We have not the pleasure of a personal acquaintance with any one of them; it is impossible to peruse the poems, however, without a conviction that the writers are our countrymen, and gentlemen of talent and cultivated taste.

The modest, and simply eloquent, preface of Mr. Tappan, particularly, is inexpressibly prepossessing. 'It is not,' he says, 'without diffidence the following productions of a youthful Muse are submitted to an impartial public. The author is conscious that individual approbation is not the criterion by which success is to be anticipated. Under the full weight of this impression, he ventures to publish these effusions, with the sincere hope, that if they do not add a sprig to the increasing luxuriance of American literature, they will not diminish the number of those who regard piety and virtue as the only sure avenues to peace and happiness.'

The poetry of this little volume is remarkable for the purity of sentiment which breathes throughout; it contains 'New England,' a poem of about three hundred lines, descriptive of the early history of the Eastern states; a number of smaller miscellaneous pieces, and a collection of 'Sacred Pieces,' in which the charms of

verse are most happily employed in the expression of religious feeling. We proceed to extract a few specimens, without selection, for all are good. And first from 'New England.'

' Say, youthful muse, how glows the generous heart,
With impulse rich, unknown to languid art,
How throbs the bosom, warmed with virtuous fire,
And kindling zeal, which fain would each inspire,
As history's ken reviews the eventful time,
When hallowed freedom sought its genial clime;*
When persecution lit her fires afar,
And meek religion fled the unequal war;
When Pilgrim-sires, a small, but fearless band,
Unfurled their banner o'er this western land;
Rapt fancy views them tread the stranger shore,
Devotion joins as each with praise adore.
With laws severe—but with demeanour mild,
They rule, the patriarchs of the savage wild;
The fruitful glebe subdued by hardy toil,
A new creation blooms on freedom's soil;
Fair rising towns, their industry confess,
The Indian vanquished, prove a POWER to bless.
Each peril crushed, and freed from every snare,
Their ally Heaven—their weapon faith and prayer.
Time speeds his course, and sister-states appear,
And arts and commerce urge their swift career;
Rich agriculture waves o'er every plain,
And Ceres views a new and vast domain;
Fair heaven, approving, smiles on every toil,
And Freedom hovers o'er her native soil;
Here, at her altar beamed the sacred fire,
Whose lightning-spark a nation did inspire;
Here gleamed the brand, whose flaming disk displayed,
A phalanx firm, in freedom's cause arrayed,
Here on thy plains† the symbol was unfurled,
A constellation beaming o'er a world,
Thy fields yet stained with veteran blood, can tell
How rived thy bosom when thy children fell!
Thy soil encrimsoned with thy richest tide;
Thy chieftains brave—thy statesmen, wisdom's pride,
Thy daughters† aiding in their country's right,
Thy veterans hardy, patient but in fight,
All speak thy love, New-England, for the cause
Of God and Country—home, and sacred laws.
From tyrant chains, and ruthless bondage freed,
Secure in peace, bright Valour's richest meed;
With every bliss which heaven does here bestow,
New England blooms, a gem on Freedom's brow!
With gracious boon kind Providence hath blest,
Thy favoured clime, with health, enjoyment's zest,
Unscorched by burning heat and Southern blast,
The bracing North, confirms thy ruddy east;
The glow of temperance marks thy hardy race,
And kindred morals own their honoured place.' &c.

* Landing of the Fathers.

† Battle of Lexington.

‡ In the revolutionary struggle, the daughters of New England by a voluntary sacrifice, abstaining from the use of foreign luxuries, accelerated the efforts of their husbands and fathers in the cause of liberty.

From the Sacred Pieces.

WEEP NOT.

' Weep not, when sad distress is nigh,
When bliss and transient pleasures fly;
When earthly blessings droop and fade,
When all is wrapt in sorrow's shade.
Weep not, when death with cruel dart,
Pierces some idol of the heart;
When hallowed friendship decks the bier,
When tender love would claim the tear.
Weep not—for as the morning cloud,
Does nature's radiant smiles enshroud;
But scatters soon;—these gloomy woes,
Shall flee, and all be calm repose.
Weep not—for as the floweret fair,
Is crushed with winter's blighting air;
Pressed rudely down, it droops its head,
And all its varied hues are fled—
With opening spring, its bloom revives;
Again, the beauteous floweret lives;
Thus, when life's wintry storms are o'er,
The friend revives, to die no more.'

THE MORNING STAR.

' I am the root and offspring of David, and the Bright and Morning Star. *Rev. xxii. 16.*'

' Benighted on the troublous main,
While stormy terrors clothe the sky;
The trembling voyager strives in vain,
And nought but dark despair is nigh—
When lo, a gem of peerless light,
With radiant splendour shines afar;
And through the clouds of darkest night,
Appears the Bright and Morning Star.
With joy he greets the cheering ray,
That beams on ocean's weary breast;
Precursor of a smiling day,
It lulls his fears to peaceful rest—
No more in peril doth he roam,
For night and danger, now are far;
With steady helm he enters home,
His guide the Bright and Morning Star.
Thus when affliction's billows roll,
And waves of sorrow, and of sin,
Beset the fearful, weeping soul,
And all is dark and drear within—
'Tis JESUS, whispering strains of peace,
Drives every doubt and fear afar;
He bids the raging tempest cease,
And shines the Bright and Morning Star.

From the Miscellaneous Pieces, we take the following.

THE NORTH STAR.

' Mild star that markest thy lonely way,
In yon expanse of cloudless blue;
Whose gem-like form and steady ray,
Attract the heedless peasant's view,
And him whose thoughts to unknown regions stray.

Full oft the wanderer, fortune's child,
 Benighted, sad, and doomed to roam,
 Beholds with joy thy aspect mild,
 That tells of happiness and home,
 And guides him onward 'mid the trackless wild.
 Oft, too, the sea-boy marks thy beam,
 When ocean sleeps in peaceful calm;
 While o'er its breast thy gentle gleam,
 Plays wanton, and with sacred charm,
 Lulls the rapt soul in fancy's pleasing dream.
 And oft, sweet star, at even-tide,
 When all around is hushed to rest;
 My thoughts ascend and pensive glide,
 To distant climes and regions blest,
 Where wo-worn care and grief would gladly hide.
 And fancy whispers in mine ear,
 That those which once were here beloved;
 To friendship and affection dear,
 Now from this fleeting scene removed,
 Repose, bright star, in thy ethereal sphere!

Mr. T. has our best wishes for his success. He has evidently powers worthy of cultivation; and with such principles and pure morality as these poems evince, we are sure those powers in their most advanced state of improvement, will always be applied so as to subserve the cause of religion, patriotism, and humanity.

In the poems of Dr. Farmer we seem to recognize the playful effusions of an elegant and cultivated mind. With less of feeling and equal purity of sentiment, there is more of classical allusion, and more variety of language than in those just mentioned. As far as we may guess a man's character by his writings, we should say, Dr. F. is an accomplished gentleman, accustomed from his childhood to polished society, and familiar with the elegant literature of the day.

His volume is very miscellaneous in its contents, so much so that we do not know how to select any thing which can be fairly called a specimen of the whole. His minor pieces are all in good taste, and are most easily extracted: we shall therefore give one or two.

TO NATURE.

'Hail! lovely stranger, clad in vernal flowers,
 Nymph of the cavern wild and mountain hoar;
 The times have past since I beheld thy bowers,
 When listless childhood spent the fleeting hours,
 Where Schuylkill's glassy wave reflects the woodland shore.
 Through youthful memory's faintly shaded screen,
 They still appear'd as lovely as before:
 For flowers though dead, and sloping hills not green,
 Are cloth'd in verdure when at distance seen,
 And Fancy lights her lamp at Memory's waning store:
 Then, Nature, I beheld thee in a dream!
 The briar-rose clamber'd o'er thy rocky throne,
 And clustering bent above a murmuring stream:
 So childhood bends attentive to the theme

Of haunted cell, where dismal torches gleam,
Or wizards dance, or dead men dwell alone.

This rifted fragment o'er the deep
In awful grandeur lowers;
Within yon cavern fairies sleep
On Ocean's sparkling flowers.
There, Mystery, in dripping shroud,
Waves her dull sceptre round—
The bolt that bursts the thunder cloud
Rends not her cell profound.

Around that cell a feeble ray
Is sometimes seen to beam;
It leads the pilgrim from his way,
O'er fen, and moor, and stream.
So Hope, thy little taper shines,
Unquench'd by winter's blast:
So he that follows soon repines,
For he's deceived at last.'

SONNET TO SORROW.

' Say, gentle Sorrow, tenant lone of night,
Where is thy mystic solitary bower?
Does Genius, there, display her beaming light,
And art thou govern'd by her fairy power?—
The vulgar soul his joy alone explores,
Where riot runs her clam'rous, noisy dance,
Or where supine eternal Dulness snores,
With senses bound in dark Oblivion's trance:
But fair refinement to thy power is given,
For thee hath youthful Genius struck the lyre;
Thou art the daughter pure of poet's heaven,
That first essay'd bright fancy to inspire;
Yes, Sorrow! in thy bower of drooping vines,
The star of fancy gleams and genius shines.'

The poem entitled '*Mississippian Scenery*,' is of a totally different character, yet quite as respectable in its way. Mr. Mead has not endeavoured to enrich his verse with allusions to mythology, nor to make any display of learning, neither does he appeal to the reader's predilections for subjects already associated with notions of poetry and romance; but aims (successfully, we think) at a poetical description of the most interesting features of our western states and territories, and a delineation of the future prospects of those regions.

The poem, he says, was 'chiefly the production of my contemplative hours, spent in various seclusions of solitude, where the smiles of nature upon the borders of a wilderness remote from the gay and giddy circles of society, were the principal objects on which my mind could expatiate with delight. And even in those wild retreats, where the eye is not deluded with the vain display of pride and ostentation, and where the innocent propensities of the heart are not encumbered with the imposing restrictions of fashion, etiquette, and false politeness, there is something highly interesting to the contemplative mind. The topographical features of the western country, and what belong to the vegetable kingdom, were objects calculated to enliven the gloom of solitude, and throw addi-

tional delights in the way of my poetic pastime. In tracing the scenery of the Mississippi, I have not confined myself to the shores of that river, but have endeavoured to give a general survey of the whole expanse of country watered by its concentrating branches.

'The regions through which I have stretched my perambulations seem particularly calculated to elicit reflection and interest imagination. A wide range for the exercise of curiosity lies open. The numerous monuments of aboriginal antiquity, and what seem to be the relics of the ancient arts and civilization of a people who have totally escaped the retentive grasp of history, present themselves as so many objects floating upon the surface of the dark ocean of oblivion. In looking back through the dim vista of departed ages, towards the early state of things in the western world, the mind is lost in the dark mazes of doubt and uncertainty. A kind of pensive melancholy is all that we can enjoy in reflecting on what might have occurred in former times in those immense regions, which have, from the creation of the world till within a few centuries ago, been unknown to the nations of other continents. But as we look forward from the national eminence which we have already attained, the prospect before us is highly interesting, and calculated to awaken the most pleasing sensations of national pride and anxiety. A progressive emigration is daily stretching the western limits of our republic into the wilderness, and adding to the sovereignty, new sources of wealth and power.'

We extract the following as a specimen of the author's manner.

'From where dividing mountains meet the clouds,
In hoary grandeur and in sylvan shrouds,
Missouri travels, and remotely drains
Ten thousand floods from unfrequented plains.
Through shady realms his rapid torrents roar,
And wash unseen the wood-encumber'd shore.
From lands afar his darksome waters roll,
Through gloomy wilds where painted Indians stroll.
With fancy cheer'd, with solitude imprest,
I view those wide expansions of the West.
My wand'ring muse in depths of woods regales,
Where Sol and Cynthia only light the vales:
There in Columbia's regions wrapt in shade,
And dark with trees e'er since the world was made.
No lofty domes nor temples there are giv'n,
With glitt'ring spires high pointing up to heav'n.
There agriculture never found its way,
And beaming science never cast a ray.
There barb'rous nations still pursue their game,
And the rude Indian woos his tawny dame.
No gardens there, in flow'ry charms array'd,
Unfold their blossoms to the blooming maid;
No fruitful orchards rural charms display,
Nor sportive lambs in green savannas play.
But as I look beyond some future years,
The scene is chang'd; a brighter scene appears.
Columbia's bosom drops its rude attire,
And AGRICULTURE seems to triumph there,

With peace and plenty flowing from her hand,
 She strips the forest from the smiling land.
 The trees, though stubborn, to her mandates yield,
 And wolves resign to playful lambs the field.
 At her approach the scythes and sickles glance,
 And through the soil the clumsy ploughshares dance;
 While useful arts, which laurel wreaths entwine,
 Make ev'ry workshop in each village shine.
 Science shall give community a glow,
 And kindle smiles 'mid scenes of want and wo;
 Instead of dark and dismal shades, shall rise
 More pleasing scenes to greet the stranger's eyes.
 Ceres shall cheer each solitary plain,
 And throw around her fruitful showers of grain;
 Rich fields of harvest rise within the vales,
 And breathe their fragrance to the western gales.
 Each well stor'd mansion with an open door,
 Receive the wand'rer and the foodless poor.
 O'er Indian mounds the Christian temples rise,
 And lift their spiral grandeur to the skies.
 Tall waving poplars grace the green retreat,
 And drooping willows shade the rural seat.'

'In lone retreats of solitude appear
 The hand of God, in every object near;
 The earth's green verdure and the dew-drop's glow,
 His power, his skill and omnipresence show.
 'Tis he who makes night's portals wide expand,
 And pours a flood of day o'er sea and land.
 And when the sun meridian heights regains,
 And spreads effulgence through the etherial plains;
 'Mid all his works our rolling orb of day
 With dazzling charms is but one feeble ray.
 When light but faintly lingers in the West,
 And weariness invites us all to rest,
 By his decrees the evening gently throws,
 Her sable curtains o'er our soft repose.

'When waves on waves in wild commotion rise,
 And flash the foaming surges to the skies;
 Or when the storms are hush'd, the waves uncurl'd
 Spread a smooth surface o'er the wat'ry world,
 All nature rul'd by universal laws,
 Declare a God is the eternal cause,
 Of all that move in ocean, earth, or air;
 That life proceeds from his creative pow'r;
 And that to him belong our grateful praise,
 From love-warm'd hearts and unaffected lays.

'Where heav'n-built battlements of rocks arise,
 And point their glittering summits in the skies,
 Columbia's Genius of celestial grace,
 O'er realms below has fixed her resting place;
 She looks on Europe with compassion's gaze,
 And to the world repeats her welcome lays.
 "Come here, ye needy; see what treasures lie,
 In shady worlds beneath the western sky.
 From where drear winter chills the lap of May,
 And icy lakes reflect the face of day,
 To blooming shores, fann'd by the tropic gales,
 Where o'er the land eternal spring prevails,

My empire lies. From where th' Atlantic roars,
 I stretch my regions to the western shores.
 The mountains, plains, the lakes and rivers fair,
 Are all the subjects of my guardian care.
 Where states are form'd, my splendid cities rise,
 And lofty structures penetrate the skies;
 I've led my children to the scenes of war,
 And shower'd them laurels upon victory's car;
 Freedom's celestial flame taught them to fan,
 And guard from tyranny the rights of man;
 The rights of conscience to them all I've given,
 Free as the air they breathe, or light of heav'n.
 My hardy subjects, generous, bold, and free,
 Now wave my banners over every sea;
 My commerce rolls to every distant shore,
 And kings and despots dread my rising pow'r."
 High o'er the land, with wings of light unfurl'd,
 Thus speaks the Genius of the western world;
 And beckoning with her bright celestial wand,
 Invites the pilgrims to her happy land,
 Where nature's gifts with moral bounties join,
 To make with comfort every cottage shine.

' Ye landscapes of the west, what charms are yours!
 Green waving forests, and wide wastes of flow'rs,
 In wild luxuriance beautify the vales,
 And lend sweet exhalations to the gales.'

The *Frontier Maid*, unlike the others, is sent forth anonymously; it is an imitation professedly of the style of Walter Scott, and its subject is the melancholy fate of the settlement at Wyoming, already the theme of more than one poet. The author has done himself injustice by allowing his poem to be printed in a very coarse and unhandsome style. He was not aware of the vast advantage of typographical elegance, nor how much indifferent poetry on thin foolscap is made better by being transferred to hot-pressed and wire wove paper.

We cannot say quite so much in direct praise of this poem as of those we have spoken of, yet as a tale it possesses no little interest. But of the poetry let the reader judge for himself, by an extract.

' Oh, who, amid the passions' strife
 Has clasp'd the heart's first stake in life,
 With interchange of hopes and fears,
 And holy vows, and prayers, and tears,
 And will not say, 'tis heavenly sweet
 When lovers in their sorrows meet?
 Yes, the lov'd voice, whose accents mild
 Have had, for years, the magic power
 To thrill the heart with throbbings wild,
 In such a drear and sacred hour,
 Gives to each hope it would employ
 A touch of heavenly light and joy!
 And though the heart in softness melt,
 With joys and griefs before unknown;
 Yet then are glory's breathings felt
 And feeling takes its loftiest tone;

For spurning grov'ling cares control,
Glowing, and bright, and pure, the soul
To noble acts, in such an hour,
● Will spring with more than mortal pow'r.

' Ah! few and swift the moments seem
That sport o'er love's delightful dream!
The clock in ancient Leslon's hall
Has told the hour—'tis duty's call—
And Howard has his rifle grasp'd,
And oft his weeping love has clasp'd
To calm her heaving sigh;
But vainly does the chief essay
To kiss her falling tears away;
Their fountain swells too high—
And she abroad perforce will stray,
To marshal him upon his way.

' Oh 'tis an hour when weeping love
Might smile amid its wo:

The Heav'ns are all in peace above,
And all seems calm below.—

"Return, belov'd," the warrior said,
"And oh, those tears restrain;
Nor let me think thy heart dismay'd
By terrors weak and vain;

For sure, this mild and beauteous night,
Thou hast no cause for pain;

While o'er the hills I speed my flight,
With bounding step, and heart as light,
To meet my gallant train."—

"Nay, why this haste? Indeed 'tis soon,"
The weeper murmur'd still,

"Oh rest, but till the waning moon
Looks o'er the eastern hill:

For fearful now is hill and glen,
So desolate and drear;

But sweet will be the moonlight then,
Thy lonely path to cheer."

"Dear Edith, 'tis our hour to part,"
The warrior mildly said, &c.

The 'Battle of Niagara' was before the public in its first edition with every possible disadvantage which its worst enemies, or the enemies of its author, if he have any, could have devised. It was worse than anonymous, for a ridiculous name was attached to it, together with a ridiculous motto—as if on purpose to deter every one from reading the poem. It was, however, evident to all that had, notwithstanding, curiosity to look into the work, that it was the production of a mind gifted with a considerable share of poetic talent. And it indicated such ease in versifying, or rather such an unwillingness to refrain from versifying, even at the expense of frequent repetition of the same idea, that we did not doubt the writer would soon appear again, and probably to more advantage—as his first essay was rather a proof of the possession of powers than of their exertion.

Accordingly, we have now before us the second edition '*enlarged*'—and otherwise much improved, with the poet's real name

annexed—the motto changed—and a preface, in which he, with great good humour, acquaints us with part of his own history, and the history of this poem. His *palinode* is very candid. The first edition, he says, ‘was crowded and disfigured with innumerable errors—chiefly typographical, however; though in some cases, whole lines were left out, by myself, I dare say, in copying my manuscript for the press; and, from a long process of continual interpolation and refinement, whenever the whim seized me, the repetitions and extravagancies were about as numerous, as all the rest of the blunders together.’

The title page too he acknowledges ‘has been universally, indignantly, and I must say, *justly* censured. The plain truth of the matter is this. I *am* ashamed of it: I *was* ashamed of it, from the first moment it was written; but having been much excited, where I had no business to be, under circumstances, which cannot be explained in this place,—I abandoned my first purpose, which was to print it with a modest title, under a fictitious name; and adopted the rascally burlesque, which now disgraces the volume. It was severely censured when I *began* to blush for it; but *then* I had too much obstinacy to acknowledge my folly, or to atone for it.’

‘I have been baited too, for disingenuousness, as others have chosen to call it—but, as it really is, for falsehood—lying—in the preface.—I deserved it. I did wrong. Yet, as it was anonymous, mostly true, and, as I then thought, though I now think differently, *innocent*, because not malicious, my conscience did not reproach me—or I would have burnt the book, and the hand that wrote it too, before I would have been guilty of such a thing. To show the sincerity of my compunction, with the hope that the former preface will be forgotten, I shall put my real name in black and white, at the bottom of this, and thereby, hold myself responsible for its truth.’

He is very much displeased with the Port Folio and the Analectic Magazine for not having reviewed his poem, and with the inhabitants of Philadelphia, because they would not come to the Washington Hall to hear him recite it—but if his strictures were at all likely to excite the smallest disposition to speak of him less favourably, another part of his preface would more than counterbalance the effect, and incline us to treat him with the utmost respect and good will. We mean the disclosure that he is a particular and intimate friend of the Rev. Mr. Pierpoint, author of the ‘Airs of Palestine’—and that he was instigated by that gentleman to undertake the ‘Battle of Niagara.’

Of Mr. Pierpoint, and any one whom he distinguishes by his friendship and approbation, we shall always have great pleasure in speaking in terms of unqualified respect. His ‘Airs of Palestine’ have not received even justice at the hands of his countrymen. We say it the more freely, because this Journal, under other auspices, was accessory in exciting an unreasonable prejudice against that work, which contains as much good poetry, to say the

least, as is to be found in the productions of any living American poet. We trust he will accept our *amende*, which is perfectly disinterested and sincere.

The 'Battle of Niagara' is entirely without plot;—as far as we can understand it (for it is exceedingly mysterious, 'and all that')—indeed the author scorns plots, and thinks them as ill placed in descriptive poems as in a song. We may therefore seek any where for a specimen—the following is among the best parts:—

' Hark!—that sweet song!—how full of tenderness!
O, who would breathe in this voluptuous press
Of lulling thoughts!—so soothing and so low;
Like singing fountains in their faintest flow—
It is as if some holy—lovely thing,
Within our very hearts were murmuring,
The soldier listens, and his arms are prest
In thankfulness, and trembling on his breast:
Now—on the very window where he stands,
Are seen a clambering infant's rosy hands:
And now—ah heaven!—blessings on that smile!—
Stay, soldier stay—O, linger yet awhile!
An airy vision now appears, with eyes—
As tender as the blue of weeping skies:
Yet sunny in their radiance, as that blue,
When sunset glitters on its falling dew;
With form—all joy and dance—as bright and free
As youthful nymph of mountain Liberty:
Or naked angels dreamt by poesy:
A blooming infant to her heart is prest;
And ah—a mother's song is lulling it to rest!
A youthful mother! God of heaven! is there
A thing beneath the skies, so holy or so fair!

' A single bound!—our chief is standing by,
Trembling from head to foot with ecstasy—
' Bless thee!' at last he murmured—' bless thee, love!
' My wife!—my boy;'—Their eyes are raised above.
His soldier's tread of sounding strength is gone;
A choking transport drowns his manly tone;
He sees the closing of a mild, blue eye,
His bosom echoes to a faint low cry;
His glorious boy springs freshly from its sleep;
Shakes his thin sun-curls, while his eye-beams leap,
As half in fear—along the stranger's dress—
Then—half advancing—yields to his caress;—
Then—peers beneath his locks, and seeks his eye,
With the clear look of radiant infancy,
The cherub smile of love, the azure of the sky.

' The stranger now, is kneeling by the side
Of that young mother;—watching for the tide
Of her returning life;—it comes—a glow
Goes—faintly—slowly—o'er her cheek and brow;
A rising of the gauze that lightly shrouds
A snowy breast—like twilight's melting clouds—
In nature's pure, still eloquence, betrays
The feelings of the heart that reels beneath his gaze.

' She lives! she lives—see how her feelings speak,
Through what transparency of eye and cheek!

Her colour comes and goes, like that faint ray,
That flits o'er lilies at the close of day.
O, nature, how omnipotent!—that sigh—
That youthful mother, in her ecstasy,
Feels but the wandering of a husband's eye.
Her lip now ripens, and her heaving breast
Throbs wildly in its light, and now subsides to rest.'

'Come, Glory, come! Let's chant the soldier's dirge;
Step from thy thrones, and from thy clouds emerge!
Bring thy black cypress clotted in the shade;
Of weeping-willow let a wreath be made,
To crown the warrior-brow, that lately sought
Thy battle-laurel; him who lately fought
Reddest and fiercest, where the war-god sung;
Where the loud death-sobs came, and falchions rung;
Twine him a heavy garland! steep it well;
And mutter o'er its gloom thy darkest spell;
With broken heart-strings, be it twisted round;
Tread it in wrath upon the soaking ground;
And where the stagnant blood lies deepest, there
Complete thy curse—the chaplet of despair!
Call back his spirit from the eternal bar;
Show him that clotted foliage—talk of war;
Wake thy swift bugle, let it sing away
Freshly and clear, like clarion of the day!
Loosen thy banners on the mountain winds!
Call up thy thunders!—while thy hot hand binds,
That wreath around his mad, consuming brain—
Tell him 'tis his reward!—will he complain
Of wasted life—of bloody hand arrayed
In sacrifice for thee?—when blade met blade;
And man met man, and like the desert beast,
That bleeds and battles 'till his breath has ceased;
Toiled dark upon the mount to spread the vulture's feast.'

A shorter poem entitled 'Goldau, or the Maniac Harper,' comprised in the same volume, although the author deems so slightly of it as to place it undistinguished among the 'other poems,' is, we think, a very superior production to the preceding one. The village of Goldau in Switzerland, was destroyed by the sudden fall of part of mount Rosburg, in 1806. This incident Mr. Neal has made the ground work of his poem—and his 'Maniac Harper' is a youth whom he supposes to have lost all the objects of his affections in that calamity. The idea is a good one, and is very well managed—it only needs the exercise of that 'last and hardest art, the art to blot' to render it a very beautiful poem. The opening is thus:

'Upon a tranquil—glorious night,
When all the western heaven was bright;
When, thronging down the far blue dome,
The sun in rolling clouds went home;—
There wandered to a goatherd's cot,
A youth, who sought to be forgot;
Who many a long and weary year
Had breath'd his prayer and shed his tear.
Beneath his look of cloud was seen,
Somewhat, that told where fire had been;

For yet, a sorrowing beam was there;
 A beam—in mockery of despair;
 A beam that gave enough of light
 To show his soul had set in night.
 His step was slow—his form was bowed;
 But yet his minstrel air was proud;
 Upon the mountain height he stood,
 And looked abroad o'er wave and wood
 Yet glowing with the blush of even,
 And answering to the hues of heaven,
 With such a melancholy grace,
 He seemed as thus he stood alone,
 Like some young prince upon his throne—
 The genius of the lofty place!

'And this would be while yet the fire
 Enkindled by that wondrous lyre,
 Was quivering on his downcast lash,
 Just like the dying tempest flash!
 And those who felt their bosoms swell
 Beneath the working of his spell:
 Who felt that young enchanter's might,
 Whose incantations woke the fight,
 And taught to peasant hearts the feeling
 That mounts to hear the trumpet pealing,
 Then—deemed the youthful minstrel there,
 Familiar with the strife had been;
 And that his sad, appealing air—
 His darkened brow—his bosom bare—
 His haughty port of calm despair—
 Enthusiasm—genius were—
 And never but in warriors seen!

'But those who knew him, knew full well
 That something terrible once fell
 Upon his heart, and froze the source,
 Whence comes enthusiasm's force—
 Something of icy touch that chills
 The heart-drops of our youthful years;
 Something of withering strength that kills
 The flowers that Genius wets with tears—
 Fetters the fountain in its flow;
 Mildews the blossom in its blow;
 And breathes o'er Fancy's budding wreath
 The clotting damps of early death;
 That spreads before the opening light—
 (The sunshine of the heart!)
 A cloud that tells of coming night,
 And chills the warblers in their flight,
 That twinkling gayly to the skies,
 With piping throats and diamond eyes,
 In unfledged strength depart.'

'The sunset was his favourite hour;
 His eye would light—his form would tower;
 And kindle at departing day,
 As if its last, and loveliest ray
 Would win his very soul away;
 And there were those, who, when he stood,
 Sublime in airy solitude,
 Upon his mountain's topmost height,
 With arms outstretch'd, to meet the light—

With form bowed down, as if it were
 In worship to the fiery air;
 Who—had he been from eastern climes,
 From sunnier hills—in earlier times—
 When thus he bowed him to the sky—
 Had charged him with idolatry;
 For when he bowed he bowed in truth;
 His adoration was the thought,
 And worship, that from heaven is caught
 When genius blossoms in its youth.

‘Twas feeling all, and generous love
 The reaching of the soul above;—
 The intellectual homage pure,
 That is sincere, and will endure:
 It was the offering of the heart,
 The soul—and pulse—and every part,
 That’s noble in our frames, or given
 To throb for suns, or stars, or heaven;
 The spirit that is made of flame,
 For ever mounting whence it came;
 The pulse that counts the march of time,
 Impatient for the call sublime,
 When it may spring abroad—away—
 And beat the march of endless day—
 The heart, that by itself is nurst,
 And heaves, and swells, ’till it hath burst;
 That never yields—and ne’er complains—
 And dies—but to conceal its pains,
 And the bright, flashing, glorious eye
 For ever open on the sky,
 As if in that stupendous swell
 It sought a spot, where he might dwell,
 And pant for immortality.’

We take leave for the present of these American bards, from *all* of whom we shall be glad to hear again. Let them proceed—with a just confidence in their own powers, joined with a conviction of the indispensable necessity of industry and a free application of the ‘*limæ labor*’—indispensable to the greatest minds as well as to the least—and they cannot fail to add nobly to their own reputation and that of their country.

ART. VI.—*Milton and Homer contrasted and compared.*

POETRY is the most antient of the fine arts. For, it preceded statuary, architecture and eloquence. It is the best of the fine arts; for, painting illustrates its scenes; sculpture immortalises its heroes; and music is only its hand maid, although she sometimes appears more beautiful than her mistress.

Poetry is the rarest of the fine arts. Is not the art rare, which touches with propriety and power, every feeling of the soul, agitates our bosoms with fear and hope, keeps the imagination glowing, and the soul expanding? Yet this is poetry. The true poet carries in his bosom, a lyre, strung with each of the passions; which he can tune to the treble of hope or the bass of despair.

Upon his harp play fancy and reason.—We all carry within us this lyre, differently strung. In some it responds the sweet notes of joy; in others the dull tones of fear. But in one breast, fancy will usurp all the strings, and reason bind the fingers of fancy in another. Favoured must he be, the wildness of whose fancy is curbed by the sobriety of reason, and whose torpid reason is aided by the liveliness of fancy. Happy country, which produces one such man. Fortunate Greece, where Homer was born, and envied England, the birth place of Milton.

The *lives* of Milton and Homer present some points of analogy, and others of contrast. Both were poets in youth. Both were travellers, both were musicians, and both were blind. Both possessed a diamond genius, and both were men of erudition. For Homer early drank of the wells of Greece and of Egypt, and Milton exhausted the springs of the South, the East, and the North.—But Homer was never enriched by the poems of Milton, while Milton could repeat the *Iliad*.—Milton, with difficulty sold his immortal poem, the labor of ten years, for five pounds; while Homer sung his rhapsodies, accompanied by the harp, to admiring circles, whose warm applauses afforded a sweet foretaste of future fame.

Of the productions of mind the Epic Poem stands preeminent, because it requires the union of those streams of Genius, which flow in every other channel of literature. Homer and Milton probably first formed the *narration* of their poems. This, critics have said, should be one, whole, great.

The *narration* of the *Iliad* is one; it sings the wrath of Achilles. That of *Paradise Lost* is one; for it pictures the effects of man's disobedience.—Each fable is a whole. The one begins with the retirement of Achilles; its intermediate part relates the subsequent ill-success of the Greeks, and it concludes with the capture of Troy.—The other commences with the lapse of the angels, which draws on the middle part, Adam's fall; and this leads to the conclusion, his expulsion from Eden. The story of each poem is great. All nations, when Homer wrote, were well acquainted with the ten years' siege of Troy. The first song of the nurse to her babe was the song of Troy. The first story told the warlike boy, was the wrath of Achilles; and the last recollections of the silvered head hovered round the plains of Ilium.

Was the narration Homer selected great? What will you call that of *Paradise Lost*, which relates the expulsion of one third of heaven, the ruin of earth, and the peopling of the infernal regions? Its foundations are, literally, laid in hell. Its superstructure rises through and above the earth; and, as it describes man's exaltation to a celestial paradise, its dome is in Heaven.

After the story the *machinery* arrests our thoughts. In the *Iliad*, the gods and goddesses of Elysium, the guardians of the earth, with heroes and heroines compose the personages. But how do the Dianas and Pans of the forest, the fawns and dryads of the groves, diminish and disappear before that Being, who

‘ — with the majesty of darkness round,
Covers his throne.’

Diomede, that war-comet, is not more portentous in counsel than he, who, rather than

‘ Be less than God cared not to be at all.’

And the dews of persuasion, distilled from Nestor’s tongue, are not sweeter than the honey of eloquence, that dropped from the lips of Belial.

Over both poems, moral and religious instructions are scattered; and episodes, imagery, similes and descriptions checker them with diversity.

The moral of Homer is political; that of Milton religious; the former demonstrates the folly of earthly princes; the latter the goodness of the prince of all.

The *verse* of each is heroic, and if the Ionic numbers of Homer are harmony, the Iambic diction of Milton is melody.

In contrasting the *epithets* of Homer and Milton, we may observe Homer has fewer sentimental than descriptive epithets. If he speaks of Juno, you hear of her white arms; Helen is only a black-eyed damsel, and Bryseis a rosy-cheeked nymph. But Milton annexes to his substantives, a weighty adjunct. Thus you read of ‘darkness palpable’—‘missive ruin’—‘damp horror’—which are not only living but winged words.

Contrast their heroes’ *speeches*. The second book of Milton, which opens with a debate, in the regions below, affords specimens of eloquence. In Moloch,

‘ Whose sentence was for open war,’

you discover an inventive imagination and plausible reasoning.—On the other hand, Agamemnon loads with indifference a hero, or an army with irritating reproaches; and Homer suddenly checks his captains in battle, that they may pronounce orations, graced with all the beauties of style, and studded with the gems of rhetoric: while Belial, in the debate of Pandemonium,

‘ Than whom, a fairer spirit lost not Heaven,’

interweaves philosophy and ethics in his peaceful address; and is at once so beautiful and sublime, you start to think of such eloquence in hell.

Figures are the loopholes, through which we see nature. They are the windows of a literary edifice. Both these poems are spangled with metaphors and images; but Milton does not abound with such clusters of similes as Homer. Hence the one was more the child of nature; the other of art. In Homer’s personification, Chimæra is a compound monster, breathing flames of sulphur; but one of Milton’s porters at Hell-gate, is a

‘ Grisly terror, that shape had none.’

an image, as Shakspeare’s are, ‘come, hot from hell.’ Both however seem to use comparisons and similes, with all the figures of

thought and diction, merely as machinery to throw off the exuberance of their genius.

In *descriptions*, omitting that of creation, and the garden of Eden, together with Homer's minor battles, the last grand struggle between the Greeks and Trojans may be contrasted with that of the angels on the plains of Heaven. Homer's gods leave Olympus. Jupiter himself descends to Ida. The foundations of the hills tremble—the mountains shake—Troy totters—Pluto, king of the Infernals, affrighted, leaps from his throne. But mark, how Milton,

'Heaved the ridges of grim war in Heaven'—'when
'Fell the hail of iron globes'—'and when by turns were hurled
'Chained thunderbolts and mountains.'
'Down spirits fell by thousands. Shields and helms
'And helmed heads angel on archangel rolled,
'Such contest was in heaven.'

Of the conspicuous characters in the poems before you, a moment's attention is requested to one of the principal, and to two of the most finished in each.—Achilles you find a brave, a cruel, a selfish hero. That he was brave, his exploits testify. His cruelty is seen in attaching Hector to his chariot wheels, and thrice dragging him around the city of Ilium. His destitution of patriotism appears in his withdrawing himself and his troops from the campaign, for the sake of Bryseis. Such was the hero of the Iliad. He had a lion's heart without his magnanimity. But Milton has drawn him,

'Who, above the rest, in shape and gesture
Proudly eminent, stood like a tower'—

in colours so interesting, as to excite hatred, horror and admiration. When he assumes an angel's garb to play the hypocrite, or like 'a cormorant, sits in a tree,' meditating our parents' downfall; or descending at night, sits

'Squat, like a toad, close at the ear of Eve
Assaying by his dev'lish art to reach
The organs of her fancy.'

Who does not hate him?—when he exclaims

'Me miserable! which way shall I fly?
Infinite wrath and infinite despair.
Which way I fly, is hell. Myself am hell.
So farewell hope, and with hope farewell fear.
All good to me is lost. Evil, be thou my good.'

Whose blood is not chilled with horror? But Milton's lyre responds differently, when the fallen archangel

'—— rears himself upright
From off the billows of the fiery flood,'

throwing his ponderous shield, like the moon, upon his shoulders, while his staff, 'to equal which the tallest pine were but a wand,' supported his uneasy steps. When this string is touched, our hearts respond admiration. O! what a picture this of angelic nature, wrecked by the storm of ambition.

It remains only to contrast Hector and Andromache with Adam and Eve. You find Hector, a magnanimous friend; a dutiful son; a kind husband; a tender father—with the bravery of a hero uniting the feelings of a man. The beauteous Andromache is also a loving wife; an affectionate mother.—But from these master-pieces of antiquity, permit me to turn your attention to those

‘Two, of far nobler shape, erect and tall,’
who inhabited Eden.

‘His fair large front and eye sublime declar’d
Absolute rule.’

‘Grace was in all her steps: Heav’n in her eye,
In every gesture dignity and love.’

When Adam led her to the bower, Milton has described inanimate nature, giving signs of gratulation.

‘Fresh gales
And gentle airs whispered it to the woods,
And the evening star hasted to light his
Bridal lamp.’

What lake ever returned so sweet an image to a Naiad of antiquity, as when Eve, bending down to look, saw a shape in the water, bending to look on her.

‘She started back.—It started back.—But pleas’d,
She soon returned. Pleased, it returned as soon.’

In their hymns and adorations, where both sing and call all nature to join them, Milton’s verse turns, like the gates of Heaven, on hinges of gold. Oh, had the angels who ministered in Eden, sung half so sweetly as Milton has to us; could our first parents have found under the tree of knowledge a copy of *Paradise Lost*, surely they could never have fallen. So entertaining, impressive and sublime are his thoughts; so melodious, sweet and harmonious his numbers.

But have these immortal poets no faults? Are there no clouds in the sky? Yes, and behind them the sun illumines the world. We find in the *Iliad* some tedious speeches and prolix narrations. But these errors have long since been covered by the moss of antiquity.—Milton’s ideas are also sometimes obscure, but it arises from the barbarous medley of language he found.—In admitting then that Milton and Homer have nodded and sometimes slept, we do injustice to neither. Their nods and their slumbers are the wakings of other men; and when they occasionally descend from their sublime flight in the clouds, it is to afford relief to our minds. But they rest, like the Eagle, only on the highest pine, or the mountain’s brow; but this their rest, is lofty repose.

Upon the whole, Homer’s verse is more equal than that of Milton’s. Milton’s is often more melodious and more prosaic than Homer’s. So in sentiment, Milton very often rises higher, but Homer never sinks so low as Milton. But then Homer had no divine books, while the Bible is the cupola to Milton’s edifice.—It must however be remembered that Homer is usually read in a

translation, which, like the statue of Prometheus, however elegant, is a lifeless statue. It is Pope, not Homer, who is admired. Homer's fire was kindled in Greece, and burns only in Greek; and Homer's soul is to be found only in Homer's Iliad.

Milton was a lion who spurned kidling beauties; but Homer polished pebbles with so much skill, they have continued to sparkle for three thousand years; and, to compare small things with small, they are like those firedrops emitted from rockets, after their explosion, high in air, which appear so perfectly pure, and of such crystalline transparency. Homer could embellish his poem, in consequence of the ignorance of early ages, only with the surface of the earth, with 'plant, fruit or flower;' whereas Milton, aided by the chemist, entered earth's very centre; and, after ransacking her laboratory, brought up gems and gold. Homer painted nature newly dressed from her Creator's hand, tinged with rainbow hues; but Milton, beside the storehouse of nature, which art in England had improved, had recourse to those repositories of knowledge, which have been accumulating for twenty seven hundred years; and, as astronomy among other sciences, had wonderfully improved, Milton could spangle his poem, with more constellations, and richer clusters of stars than Homer.—Homer had no music to enliven his poem; but finer than the notes of Orpheus are the tones of Milton. Those drew earth's created things, 'rocks, waters, woods;' but, at the song of Milton's spirits, the constellations, a moment, forgot to wheel their courses.

If Homer was the Nile, fertilizing the countries, through which he passed; Milton was the ocean, surrounding the earth, and receiving the Nile, a tributary to his bosom. If Homer seized the pencil of the muses, Milton has surely stolen the pen of the angels. Both were indeed the high-priests of nature, admitted to her inmost recesses, and taught her most sacred mysteries.—Homer lit his torch at her lamp; but Milton seized her lamp, and then carried off her lyre.

Well might seven cities dispute the honour of Homer's birth, and Alexander weep at the tomb of his hero! Well might his footsteps be followed by the Grecian youth while he lived; and his grave be covered with lilies and roses, by the same hands when he died.—But Milton's birth-place is fixed; and it is a melancholy pleasure to know, where his grave was dug. At the 'turf, which pillow-ed his head,' were seen, not the youth of Greece nor Alexander of Macedon; but the Muses themselves hovered around his grave, and strewed the flowers of paradise over his tomb.—Well might the islands of Greece see altars rise to Homer's memory, and sacrifices offered him, as to an Immortal. Our religion forbids us to offer sacrifices, and to build altars to man; but let us thank God for the gift of Milton. S

ART. VII.—*Letters from Godwin to a young American.*

The first one of the following Letters was inserted in this Journal about a year ago, but is repeated for the sake of presenting the whole in an unbroken connexion. The rest have never before been in print.

No. I.

Skinner Street, February 12, 1818.

MY DEAR SIR.—I inclose to you the letter I proposed to write to you. Having written it, (such is the whimsical result of the habits and self-importance of an author) I cannot be satisfied that it should be your property alone. I shall print it in some form or other. I hope you will forgive me for this. I pay you the same compliment, (to compare small things with great) that Mr. Burke paid to M. Dupont, to whom his *Reflections on the Revolution in France* were originally addressed. I will therefore request you not to give copies, or suffer copies to be made, of my letter on this side the Atlantic, the consequence of which might be to take the power of printing it in my own way out of my hands.

It appears from yours of the 18th ult. that your plans are still to a considerable degree unfixed for the next two years, after which you propose to return to——.I hope, whatever they may be, they will not exclude from the remainder of you European excursion another residence in London, when I shall expect the pleasure of knowing you more fully and more intimately than I have hitherto done.

Make my kindest remembrances to Mr. —: tell him I will write to him soon.—Believe me to be your very sincere friend,
William Godwin.

Letter of advice from Mr. Godwin to a young American on the course of studies it might be most advantageous for him to pursue.

MY DEAR SIR.—I have thought, at least twenty times, since you left London of the promise I made you, and was at first inclined to consider it as you appear to have done, as wholly unconditional, and to be performed out of hand. And I should perhaps have proceeded in that way; but that my situation often draws me with an imperious summons in a thousand different directions, and thus the first heat of my engagement subsided. I then altered my mind, and made a resolution that you should never have the thing you asked for, unless you wrote to remind me of my promise. I thought within myself, that if the thing was not worth that, it was not worth my trouble in performing. * * * * *

And, now that you have discharged your part of the condition I secretly prescribed, I am very apprehensive that you have formed an exaggerated idea of what I can do for you in this respect. I am a man of very limited observation and inquiry, and know little but of those things which lie within those limits. If I wished to form an universal library, I should feel myself in conscience obliged to resort to those persons, who know more in one and another class of literature than I did, and to lay their knowledge in

whatever they understood best, under contribution. But this I do not mean to undertake for you; I will reason but of what I know; shall leave you to learn of the Professors themselves, as to the thing to which I have never dedicated myself.

You will find many of my ideas of the studies to be pursued, and the books to be read, by young persons, in the *Enquirer*, and more to the same purpose in the Preface to a small book for children, entitled, 'Scripture Histories given in the words of the Bible,' in two volumes, 24mo.

It is my opinion, that the imagination is to be cultivated in education, more than the dry accumulation of science and natural facts. The noblest part of man is his moral nature; and I hold morality principally to depend, agreeably to the admirable maxim of Jesus, upon our putting ourselves in the place of another, feeling his feelings, and apprehending his desires; in a word, doing to others, as we would wish were we they, to be done unto.

Another thing that is a great and most essential aid to our cultivating moral sentiments, will consist in our studying the best models, and figuring to ourselves the most excellent things of which human nature is capable. To this purpose there is nothing so valuable as the histories of Greece and Rome. There are certain coldblooded reasons that say, that the ancients were in nothing better than ourselves, that their stature of mind was no taller, and their feelings in nothing more elevated, and that human nature in all ages and countries is the same. I do not myself believe this. But if it is so, certainly ancient history is the bravest and sublimest fiction that it ever entered into the mind of man to create. No poets, or romance-writers, or story-tellers, have ever been able to feign such models of an erect and generous and public spirited and self-postponing mind, as are to be found in Livy and Dionysius of Halicarnassus. If the story be a falsehood, the emotions, and in many readers, the never-to-be-destroyed impressions it produces, are real: and I am firmly of opinion, that the man that has not been imbued with these tales in his earliest youth, can never be so noble a creature, as the man with whom they have made a part of his education stands a chance to be.

To study the Greek and Roman history it were undoubtedly best to read it in their own historians. To do this, we must have a competent mastery of the Greek and Latin languages. But it would be a dangerous delusion to put off the study long, under the idea that a few years hence, we will read these things in the originals. You will find the story told with a decent portion of congenial feeling in Rollin's *Ancient History*, and Vertot's *Revolutions of Rome*. You should also read Plutarch's *Lives*, and a translation into English or French of Dionysius' *Antiquities*; Milford for the *History of Greece*, and Hooke for that of *Rome*, are writers of some degree of critical judgment; but Hooke has a baleful scepticism about, and a pernicious lust to dispute, the virtues of illustrious men, and Milford is almost frantic with the love

of despotism and oppression. Middleton's *Life of Cicero*, and Blackwell's *Court of Augustus* are books written in the right spirit. And if you do not soon read Thucydides in the original, you will soon feel yourself disposed to read Sallust, and Livy, and perhaps Tacitus, in the genuine language in which these glorious men have clothed their thoughts.

The aim of my meditation at this moment is to devise that course of study that shall make him who pursues it independent and generous. For a similar reason, therefore, to that which has induced me to recommend the histories of Greece and Rome, I would next call the attention of my pupil to the age of chivalry. This also is a generous age, though of a very different cast from that of the best period of ancient history. Each has its beauty. Considered in relation to man, as a species of being divided into two sexes, the age of chivalry has greatly the advantage over the purest ages of antiquity. How far their several excellencies may be united and blended together in future time, may be a matter for after-consideration. You may begin your acquaintance with the age of chivalry with St. Palaye's *Memoires sur l'Ancienne Chevalrie*, and Southey's *Chronicle of the Cid*. Cervantes' admirable romance of *Don Quixote*, if read with a deep feeling of its contents, and that high veneration for and strong sympathy with its hero, which it is calculated to excite in every ingenuous mind, is one of the noblest records of the principles of chivalry. I am not anxious to recommend a complete cycle of the best writers on any subject. You cannot do better perhaps in that respect, than I have done before you. I always found one writer, in his occasional remembrances and references, leading to another, till I might, if I had chosen it, have collected a complete library of the best books on any given topic, without being obliged to recur to any one living counsellor for his advice.

We can never get at the sort of man that I am contemplating, and that I would, if I could, create, without making him also a reader and lover of poetry. I require from him the glow of intellect and sentiment, as well as the glow of a social being. I would have him have his occasional moods of sublimity, and if I may so call it, literary tenderness, as well as a constant determination of mind to habits of philanthropy. You will find some good ideas on the value of poetry in Sir Philip Sidney's *Defence of Poesy*, and the last part of Sir William Temple's *Miscellanies*.

The subject of poetry is intimately connected with the last subject I mentioned, the age of chivalry. It is in the institutions of chivalry that the great distinctive characteristics of modern from ancient poetry originate. The soul of modern poetry, separately considered, lies in the importance which the spirit of chivalry has given to the female sex. The ancients pitted a man against a man, and thought much of his thews and sinews and the graces and energy which nature has given to his corporeal frame. This was the state of things in the time of Homer. In a more refined age they

added all those excellencies, which grow out of the most fervid and entire love of country. Antiquity taught her natives to love women, and that not in the purest sense; the age of chivalry taught her subjects to adore them. I think quite contrary to the vulgar maxim on the subject, that love is never love in its best spirit but among unequals. The love of parent and child is its best model, and its most permanent effect. It is therefore an excellent invention of modern times, that, while woman by the nature of things must look up to man, teaches us to regard woman, not merely as a convenience to be made use of, but as a being to be treated with courtship and consideration and deference.

Agreeable to the difference between what we call the heroic times, and the times of chivalry, are the characteristic features of ancient and modern poetry. The ancient is simple, and manly, and distinct; full of severe graces and heroic enthusiasm. The modern excels more in tenderness, and the indulgence of a tone of magnificent obscurity. The ancients upon the whole had more energy; we have more of the wantoning of the imagination, and the conjuring up a fairy vision

Of some gay creatures of the element,
That in the colours of the rainbow live,
And play in the plighted clouds.

It is not necessary to decide whether the ancient or the modern poetry is best; both are above all price; but it is certain that the excellencies that are all our own, have a magnificence, and a beauty, and a thrilling character that nothing can surpass. The best English poets are Shakspeare and Milton and Chaucer and Spenser. Ariosto is above all others the poet of chivalry. The Greek and Latin poets it is hardly necessary to enumerate. There is one book of criticism, and perhaps only one, that I would recommend to you, Schlegel's *Lectures on Dramatic Literature*. The book is deformed indeed with a pretty copious sprinkling of German mysticism, but it is fraught with a great multitude of admirable observations.

The mention of criticism leads me to a thought which I will immediately put down. I would advise a young person to be very moderate in his attention to new books. In all the world I think there is scarcely any thing more despicable than the man that confines his reading to the publications of the day; he is next in rank to the boarding-school miss, who devours every novel that is spawned forth from the press of the season. If you look into reviews, let it be principally to wonder at the stolidity of your contemporaries, who regard them as the oracles of learning.

One other course of reading I would earnestly recommend to you; and many persons would vehemently exclaim against me for doing so—Metaphysics. It excels perhaps all other studies in the world, in the character of a practical logic, a disciplining and subtilising of the rational faculties. Metaphysics, we are told, is a mere jargon, where men dispute for ever without gaining a single

step: it is nothing but specious obscurity and ignorance. This is not my opinion. In the first place, metaphysics is the theoretical science of the human mind: and it would be strange if mind was the only science not worth studying, or the only science in which real knowledge could not be acquired. Secondly, it is the theoretical science of the universe, and of causation, and must settle, if ever they can be settled, the first principles of natural religion. As to its uncertainty, I cannot conceive that any one with an unprejudiced mind can read what has been best written on free-will and necessity, on self-love and benevolence, and other grand questions, and then say that nothing has been attained, and that all this is impertinent and senseless waste of words. I would particularly recommend bishop Berkeley, especially his *Principles of Human Knowledge*, and Hume's *Treatise of Human Nature*, and Hartley's *Observations on Man*. Your own Jonathan Edwards has written excellently on free-will; and Hutcheson and Hazlitt on self-love and benevolence. The title of Hutcheson's book is, *An Essay on the Nature and Conduct of the Passions and Affections*, and of Hazlitt's, *An Enquiry into the Principles of Human Action*. No young man can read Andrew Baxter's *Enquiry into the Nature of the Human Soul*, without being the better for it.

It is time that I should now come to the consideration of Language. Language is as necessary an instrument for conducting the operations of the mind, as the hands are for conducting the operations of the body; and the most obvious way of acquiring the power of weighing and judging words aright, is by enabling ourselves to compare the words and forms of different languages. I therefore highly approve of classical education. It has been often said by the wise men of the world, what a miserable waste of time it is, that boys should be occupied for successive year after year in acquiring the Greek and Latin tongues! How much more usefully would these years be employed in learning the knowledge of things, and of making a substantial acquaintance with the studies of men! I totally dissent from this. As to the knowledge of things, young men will soon enough be plunged into the mire of cold and solid realities, those things that it is the calamity of man that he should be condemned to consume so much of his mature life upon; and I should wish that those who can afford the leisure of education, should begin with acquiring something a little generous and elevated. As to the studies of men, if boys begin with them before they are capable of weighing them, they will acquire nothing but prejudices, which it will be their greatest interest and highest happiness with infinite labor to unlearn. Words are happily a knowledge to the acquisition of which the faculties of boys are perfectly competent, and which can do them nothing but good. Nature has decreed that human beings should be so long in a state of nonage, that it demands some ingenuity to discover how the years of boys of a certain condition in life, may be employed innocently, in acquiring good habits, and none of that appearance of

reason and wisdom, which in boys surpasses in nothing the instructions we bestow on monkies and parrots. One of the best maxims of the eloquent Rousseau, is where he says, the masterpiece of a good education is to know how to lose time profitably.

Every man has a language that is peculiarly his own; and it should be a great object with him to learn whatever may give illustration to the genius of that. Our language is the English. For this purpose then I would recommend to every young man, who has leisure, to acquire some knowledge of the Saxon and one or two other Northern languages. Horne Tooke in his *Diversions of Purley*, is the only man that has done much towards analysing the elements of the English tongue. But another, and perhaps still more important way, to acquire a knowledge and true relish of the genius of the English tongue, is by studying its successive authors from age to age. It is an eminent happiness we possess, that our authors from generation to generation are so much worth studying. The first resplendent genius in our literary annals is Chaucer. From his age to that of Elizabeth we have not much; but it will be good not entirely to drop any of the links of the chain. The period of Elizabeth is perfectly admirable. Roger Ascham and Golding's translation of Mornay's *Trewnesse of the Christian Religion*, are among the best canonical books of genuine English. Next come the translators of that age, who are worthy to be studied day and night by those who would perfectly feel the genius of our language. Among these, Phaer's *Virgil*, Chapman's *Homer*, and sir Thomas North's *Plutarch* are perhaps the best, and are, in my opinion, incomparably superior to the later translations of these authors. Of course I hardly need say, that lord Bacon is one of the first writers that has appeared in the catalogue of human creatures, and one of those who is most worthy to be studied. I might have brought him in among the metaphysicians; but I preferred putting him here. Nothing can be more magnificent and impressive than his language; it is rather that of a god, than a man. I would also specially recommend Burton's *Anatomy of Melancholy*, and the writings of sir Thomas Browne. No man, I suppose, is to be told that the dramatic writers of the age of Elizabeth are among the most astonishing specimens of the human intellect. Shakspeare is the greatest, and stands an immense distance from all the rest. But, though he outshines them, he does not put out their light. Ben Jonson is himself an host: of Beaumont and Fletcher I cannot think without enthusiasm; and Ford and Massinger will deserve to be studied.—Even French literature was worthy of some notice in these times, and Montaigne is entitled to rank with some of the best English prose-writers, his contemporaries.

In looking over what I have written, I think I have not said enough on the subject of modern history. Your language is English; the frame of your laws and your law-courts is essentially English. Therefore, and because the English moral and intellec-

tual character ranks the first of modern times, I think English history is entitled to your preference. Whoever reads English history must take Hume for his text. The subtlety of his mind, the depth of his conceptions, and the surpassing graces of his composition, must always place him in the first class of writers. His work is tarnished with a worthless partiality to the race of kings that Scotland sent to reign over us; and is wofully destitute of that energetic moral and public feeling that distinguishes the Latin historians. Yet we have nothing else on the general subject, that deserves the name of composition. I have already spoken of the emphatic attention that is due to the age of chivalry. The feudal system is one of the most extraordinary productions of the human mind. It is a great mistake to say that these were dark ages. It was about this period that logic was invented: for I will venture to say that the ancients knew nothing about close reasoning and an unbroken chain of argumentative deduction, in comparison with the moderns. For all the excellence we possess in this art, we are indebted to the schoolmen, the monks and friars, in the solitude of their cloisters. It is true, that they were too proud of their new acquisitions, and subtilized and refined till occasionally they became truly ridiculous. This does not extinguish their claim to our applause, though it has dreadfully tarnished the lustre of their memory in the vulgar eye. Hume passes over the feudal system and the age of chivalry, as if it were a dishonour to his pen to be employed on these subjects, while he enlarges with endless copiousness on the proofs of the sincerity of Charles the First, and the execrable public and private profligacy of Charles the Second.

Next to the age of feudality and chivalry, the period of English history most worthy of our attention, lies between the accession of Elizabeth and the Restoration. But let no man think that he learns any thing, particularly of modern history, by reading a single book. It fortunately happens, as far as the civil wars are concerned, that we have two excellent writers of the two opposite parties, Clarendon and Ludlow, beside many others worthy to be consulted. You should also consult as many lives of eminent persons connected with the period then under your consideration, as you can conveniently procure. Letters of state, memorials, and public papers are in this respect of inestimable value. They are to a considerable degree the principal actors in the scene, writing their own history. He that would really understand history, should proceed in some degree as if he were writing history. He should be surrounded with chronological tables and maps. He should compare one author with another, and not put himself under the guidance of any. This is the difference I make between reading and study. He that confines himself to one book at a time may be amused, but is no student. In order to study, I must sit in some measure in the middle of a library. Nor can any one truly study, without the perpetual use of a pen, to make notes, and ab-

tracts, and arrangements of dates. The shorter these notes, and the more they can be looked through at a glance, the better. The only limit in this respect, is that they should be so constructed, that if I do not look at them again till after an interval of seven years, I should understand them. Learn to read slow—if you keep to your point, and do not suffer your thoughts, according to an old phrase, to go a wool-gathering, you will be in little danger of excess in this direction. * * * * *

My best wishes attend you.

No. II.

Skinner Street, March 19, 1818.

MY DEAR SIR,—Whatever was left imperfect in your second letter, as to my Paper of advice, is fully made up in your last, and I am more than satisfied.

The question you ask, why am I silent in this paper on the subject of politics? is a very natural one, and I will give you an ingenuous answer. The person who asked my advice as to the course of his studies, I naturally concluded had some respect for my literary character; and I therefore thought it superfluous (as far as it could be avoided) to repeat any thing I had said in my public writings, or to refer directly or indirectly to any thing therein treated. Even the person, who without ever having known me, should have sufficient respect for my advice to make it in any degree his compass to steer by, would hardly, I thought, be so indolent or indifferent, as not to inquire what I had myself written for the amusement, improvement, and instruction of my species generally. The species of composition denominated novel, a sort of prose-epic, and in my opinion a memorable addition to the stock of human literature, which with a few exceptions, did not assume its present consummate form till the age of Fielding and Richardson: but I am a writer of novels; and for that reason principally I was silent under that head. I have also written on the science of politics; and though my work is twenty five years old, I am sorry to say, I am grown very little wiser under that article: if I had to write my work over again, I could correct many errors, but scarcely any thing that strikes my mind as fundamental. In my inquiry concerning Political Justice, I have not only laid down, as well as I was able, the principles of moral and political truth, but have also made a point of commemorating, and delivering a candid and sincere judgment respecting almost every considerable political writer that fell in my way. What therefore could I have added in my Letter of advice, to what in that work I have delivered?

I inclose you a copy of my letter, printed on a sheet of paper, which I caused to be so printed, merely because it has happened to me very many times to have the same request made to me by young men, which from you, occasioned the writing these pages; and I thought it might save some trouble, and be the means of some good, to have the paper always at hand, to give away to any person to whom I judged it might be desirable. This copy is sent

merely to gratify your private curiosity: as I would not be the means, or appear to be the means, of checking any additional sale which the insertion of my letter might bring to Mr. Constable's magazine. * * * * *

No. III.

Skinner Street, April 27, 1818.

————— You say that 'since the arrival of my paper, you have been sedulously engaged in the study of the old English authors, and of the classics.' I am not sure that this is right as to the first. I had some doubts on this point when I penned my advice; that is, I doubted whether it was right for readers in general, though I was sure that what I put down was reasonable for you. For I was obliged to consider in writing, though I did not name the consideration, that part of your object was to collect books, and that you could not suddenly add old and scarce books to your collection when you were once fixed in ———. I cannot better express the ground of my doubt above conveyed, than by a quotation from Ben Jonson's *Discoveries*. He says, 'Therefore youth ought to be instructed betimes, and in the best things; for we hold those longest we take soonest. And as it is fit to read the best authors to youth first, so let them be clearest; as, Livy before Sallust, Sidney before Donne. And beware of letting them taste Gower and Chaucer at first, lest falling too much in love with antiquity, and not apprehending the weight, they grow rough and barren in language only.' Now if there is any thing in this caution of Ben Jonson, he and his contemporaries are now somewhat obsolete to us, as Chaucer was to him. The best model perhaps for a modern English style, would be a due mixture and medium of Burke and Hume, adding, when you have gained this substratum, as much wealth from the elder writers, as may be consistent with this platform and system in building.

Again, as to what you say of the classics, I have some doubt about the indiscriminate use of your pen in making translations. I know it is good in part, for this is the sure way of discovering whether we perfectly understand our author. But, I know also, that we ought frequently, while we read books in another tongue, to forget for the time that there is any other language than that we are reading. It is thus we shall come to relish their idiom; while on the other hand, if we are continually seeking for equivalent phrases in English, we shall go on much as children do in beginning to talk or write French, whose phrases and construction are English, and the words only borrowed from our neighbour tongue.

I am also inclined to disapprove the very limited list of classics you now set down. Latin and Greek are not to be laid aside, as we lay aside our old clothes. My own method through the greater part of my life has been, to devote at least one hour of every day to the classics, and by this means I found the book-shelves of my

brain enlarging, till at last the classics made an appearance not altogether despicable. I hope you do not mean to shut out the poets.

You say, 'Is there a condition of life more replete with enjoyment, than that of a young man, with moderately independent circumstances, &c. &c. &c.?' I say, in reply, 'Is there a condition of life more full of the noblest promise of honour and usefulness, and therefore more replete with enjoyment, than that of a young man, with certain qualities of the head and heart, *who no revenue has but his good spirits and inborn energies to feed and clothe him?*' I have tried the one; you are about to try the other. Both have their disadvantages and their temptations. But yours, I am afraid, is the most dangerous. Man is a creature of so frail and feeble a texture, that we want *all appliance and means to boot*, and even in some degree the stimulus of stern necessity, in addition to our own original good dispositions, to make us do our duty fully, and not sometimes be found like a faithless centinel, sleeping upon our post. See what you can do to counteract this evil! May your slumbers be short, conducing only to the infusion of new vigour, and not partaking of that lethargy, in which our powers, our honour, and ourselves, are momentarily in danger of being lost without remedy.

You will think it strange in me, if I mention a new book, and by an Aikin. The book is miss *Aikin's* Memoirs of the Court of Elizabeth. It is a book of no great strength and still less depth. But it contains a vast deal of interesting, and some curious information, that is brought together in no other book. * * * *

No. IV.

Skinner Street, June 29, 1818.

————— I congratulate you upon your good fortune, in being in the British Islands at the time of a general election. This is an instructive, and, in some respects, an animating spectacle. Perhaps I have not fully considered all the advantages and disadvantages of the two modes: but I dislike the French scheme of the people electing an elective body, and then these electors electing the legislature, and that other scheme of some of our reformers, that the members of a county shall be elected by a ballot to take place in every little district and market-town on the same day. I am pleased with the open avowal our electors make of their sentiments. I am pleased with the sympathy excited in their breasts by their general congregating to the place of election, thus reviving (though alas! but once in seven years) the practical and healthful feeling, that they are freemen. I am pleased with the scene of an election protracted for four or five days, and thus nourishing the love of what is right, by some degree of uncertainty and suspense respecting the event. I am an enemy to mobs; but this sort of mob, or confluence of mankind, expressly directed by the law, and terminating in a specific act, seems to me to be deprived of the sting, the terror, and the hot-blooded, savage, and dangerous feeling, attendant on bodies of men, called together at their

own pleasure, and chusing for themselves the sort of exertion to which their power shall be directed. * * * * *

No. V.

Skinner Street, July 24, 1818.

————— You ask me my sentiments respecting the writers generally called the English classics. Let us see who they are. I suspect that at the head of them are Pope, Swift, and Addison. These were all admirable writers, though greatly inferior to the great writers of the age of Elizabeth. They are, however, worth studying, and are even in some respects entitled to a priority, as being to a great degree standards of the language now in use. It is perhaps impossible to excel Pope in his kind, that is, as a man delivering in metre the dictates of good sense, and a certain obvious species of observation on life and manners, seasoned and rendered acute by all the poignancy of an elegant sort of wit and sarcasm. Addison wants strength; but his deficiency in that respect is compensated, in a great degree, by his delicacy and refinement. His humour, wherever displayed, and most of all in his character of sir Roger de Coverly, is inimitable. The third of these men, Swift, is vastly the greatest. The depth of his observation, a quality very scarce in that age, is astonishing, and is most of all displayed in his *Gulliver's Travels*. There is not a page of that book, that you may not read six times, before you see all that is in it. And this is rendered more surprising by the unaffected simplicity and plainness with which he delivers himself there, and in all his writings. Congreve, the contemporary of Pope, Swift, and Addison, is also worth your attention. Dr. Conyers Middleton, though something later, is fully entitled to class with these, whom he exceedingly surpasses in copiousness and energy. These are the genuine standards of English style.

You may study the writers since that age, as you may study the writers before, as enlarging the stores of our tongue, but they are to be viewed with a certain caution. They are not our standards. Hume is in a high degree subtle and elegant. Burke is a profound thinker, and a powerful declaimer; but his declamation is over-ornamented and over-done. Johnson is the worst of this trio. We may read him however, sometimes for admiration, still oftener as a melancholy example of something, *not* to be imitated.

Rousseau is very nearly the best writer of the middle part of the last century; the writer from whose works we may derive the greatest degree of profit.

Montesquieu was a man of great talents. His best work is his *Persian Letters*, written in his youth. His *Spirit of Laws* is overrun with affectation. Every sentence is an epigram. And of him we say more truly, what Johnson says of Shakspeare's punning; 'An epigram is the Cleopatra for which he loses the world, and is content to lose it.'

I have answered your letter. I am at this moment incessantly occupied in my answer to Matthews on Population, which, I believe, I mentioned to you before you left London.

I think I ought to have named Bolingbroke and Shaftesbury with the authors of the age of Addison, though greatly inferior as standards to those already mentioned. Bolingbroke is manly, but the garden of his language has never felt the pruning hook: the branches of his eloquence choke each other like the branches of a forest. Shaftesbury is a most elegant and amiable thinker, but with perpetual affectation. He dances so much, that he is not able to walk.

No. VI.

Skinner Street, September 11, 1818.

———— I have looked three times through the Letter of Advice, to endeavour to discover where I have said, 'Read the great English poets; but do not neglect any of the rest.' But as Shylock says, 'I cannot find it; it is not in the bond.' If your quotation had stood, 'Do not neglect the rest,' I should have said, 'I did not write it, but it is my sentiment.' But 'do not neglect any of the rest,' is certainly too much for me.

With respect to your choice of them, if you are guarded by common fame, you will not materially err; and it will be good that you should somewhat use your own independent judgment, in saying, 'This has been praised too much; and this not enough.' You will have much aid in your decision, if you make Shakspeare, and Milton, and Chaucer, and Spenser your standards. The old poets I should recommend for their language, their depth of thinking, and their strength of phrase. I have given you a tolerable list of dramatic poets; and if you grow fond of them, you will feel prompted to read their poetical compositions, not in the dramatic form, and those of the men they tell you they loved. You will hardly miss Dryden and Pope, or even the melancholy Cowley. Remember what I have said, that 'I have always found one writer in his occasional remembrances and references leading to another,' and trust yourself to that. The living poets I would wish to have some of your attention, but 'I would have a young person to be very moderate in his attention to new books.' That is the vice of your country.

You ask me for 'a summary view of the distinguished characteristics of the ages of Elizabeth, Anne, and George III. both for poetry and prose.' That is a large question; and I beg to postpone it. I have furnished some hints towards an answer in former letters.

I recommended the other day in a letter to a young author, whose talents I respect, to undertake a book, to be called the *Lives of the Commonwealth Men*. My list extended to ten names; Milton, Algernon Sidney, Martin, Vane, president Bradshaw, president Scott, his successor in office, Ludlow, Henry Nevil, Henry Ireton, Robert Blake. This would be a choice book for an American to read, though no American could write it as it ought to be written. England in all her annals has produced no men, as public characters, worthy to be ranked with these—not even an eleventh to be added to these ten. They were all to their last breath

devoted to the principles of republicanism, and looked upon monarchy with that generous horror and contempt, which, abstractedly considered, every enlightened and impartial man must regard it. Now every reader that almost at all deserves the name, ought in some degree to play the part of an author, and collate the materials of a subject, nearly as if he were going to treat of it in a book. The materials of the Commonwealth History of England lie principally in a few authors; Clarendon, Ludlow, Whitlocke, Mrs. Hutchinson, Clement Walker, sir Henry Vane, Trials of the Regicides, and Noble. To be sure, he who would have his collection complete, should add to these, Rushworth's and Thurloe's Collection of State Papers, and as many of Milton's, and the other notable pamphlets of the time as he can meet with. The whole would not amount to fifty volumes.

I should have answered your letter dated August 20, sooner, but for other occupations, and still more for ill health.

Very truly and sincerely yours,
William Godwin.

P. S. I believe I ought to add, as a matter of taste, that you might apprehend my idea, that I confined the scheme of the book to one volume.—Of my heroes Scott was hanged, Bradshaw and Ireton were gibbeted after death, Algernon Sidney and Vane beheaded, Martin was a prisoner twenty years, and Ludlow an exile thirty years, at the end of which time they died.

List of books recommended to the same person by Stephen Lee, Esq. librarian to the Royal Society.

Mathematics.—Simson's Euclid, Robinson's Conic Sections, Bridge's Algebra, Trigonometry, Conic Sections, and Mechanics, Bonycastle's Arithmetic, Le Croix, Cours de Mathematiques, Woodhouse's Trigonometry, Hutton's Mathematics,* Mathematical Tracts, and Mathematical Dictionary, Cagnoli's Trigonometry, Newton's Principia, La Place, Mecanique Celeste, Brook Taylor's Elements of the Linear Perspective, Robinson's Elements of Mechanical Philosophy,† Taylor's Logarithms, Callet's ditto, Hutton's ditto.

Physico-Mathematics, and Mechanical Arts.—Prony, Architecture Hydraulique, Nicholson's Carpenter's New Guide, Joiner's Assistant, Principles of Architecture, Mechanical Exercises, Student's Instructions in the Five Orders, Stalkart's Naval Architecture, Steed's ditto, Vince's Astronomy, Young's Lectures on Natural Philosophy, Biot, Precis (ou Traité) Elementaire de Physique Experimentale, Montucla, Histoire de Mathematiques, Smeeton's Works, Singer on Electricity, Berthoud, Traité d'Horlogerie, Paynant, Traité de Geoderie.

Natural History, Agriculture, &c.—Linnæus, Systema Naturæ, Shaw's Zoology, Miller's Gardener's Dictionary, Kaimes' Gentleman Farmer, Reports of the Board of Agriculture, Arthur Young's

* Dr. Hutton considers the American edition the best.

† Edition by Brewster.

Experimental Farmer, Cuvier, Anatomie Comparatif, Blumenbach's Comparative Anatomy by Lawrence, Kirby's Entomology, Wood's Conchology, Smith's Introduction to Botany, Block's Ichthyology, Bakewell's Geology, Parkinson's Organic Remains of a Former World.

Miscellaneous.—Russel's History of Modern Europe, Pinkerton on Medals, Biographical Dictionary by Chalmers, Dictionnaire Historique, Blan's Chronology, Johnson's Dictionary, Lowth's Grammar, Murray's Grammar, Elegant Extracts, La Harpe, Lycée, Smith's Wealth of Nations, Macpherson's Annals of Commerce, Locke on the Human Understanding, Eustace's Classical Tour, Encyclopædia Britannica, Encyclopedie Methodique, published in parts.

Course of Law Study, by the late lord Ashburton (Mr. Dunning).

1. Hume's History of England, particularly observing the rise, progress, and declension of the feudal system. Minutely attend to the Saxon government that preceded it, and dwell on the reigns of Edward I, Henry VI, VII, and VIII, James I, Charles I, and II, and James II.

2. Blackstone. On second reading turn to the references.

3. Mr. Justice Wright's Tenures.

4. Coke upon Lyttleton, especially every word of Fee Simple, Fee Tail, Life, and Years.

5. Coke's First and Second Institutes, with serjeant Hawkin's Compendium.

6. Coke's Reports and Plowden's Commencing; and in succession the Modern Reporters.

Additions to this list, by an eminent Irish barrister.

Sullivan's Lectures on the Feudal Law, Cruise's Digest, Gwillim's edition of Bacon's Abridgment, particularly the head of leases for years, as explanatory of the different heads in Coke; Gilbert on Rents, and on Replevins, Phillips on Evidence, last edition, Reeves' History of the Common Law.

ART. VIII.—ODE, SAID TO BE BY LORD BYRON.

Published in the same volume with 'Mazeppa.'

OH Venice! Venice! when thy marble walls

Are level with the waters, there shall be

A cry of nations o'er thy sunken halls,

A loud lament along the sweeping sea!

If I, a northern wanderer, weep for thee,

What should thy sons do?—any thing but weep:

And yet they only murmur in their sleep.

In contrast with their fathers—as the slime,

The dull green ooze of the receding deep,

Is with the dashing of the spring-tide foam,

That drives the sailor shipless to his home,

Are they to those that were; and thus they creep,

Crouching and crab-like, through their sapping streets.

Oh! agony—that centuries should reap

No mellow harvest! Thirteen hundred years
 Of wealth and glory turn'd to dust and tears;
 And every monument the stranger meets,
 Church, palace, pillar, as a mourner greets;
 And even the Lion all subdued appears,
 And the harsh sound of the barbarian drum,
 With dull and daily dissonance, repeats
 The echo of the tyrant's voice along
 The soft waves, once all musical to song,
 That heaved beneath the moonlight with the throng
 Of gondolas—and to the busy hum
 Of cheerful creatures, whose most sinful deeds
 Were but the overbeating of the heart,
 And flow of too much happiness, which needs
 The aid of age to turn its course apart
 From the luxuriant and voluptuous flood
 Of sweet sensations, battling with the blood.
 But these are better than the gloomy errors,
 The weeds of nations in their last decay,
 When Vice walks forth with her unsoften'd terrors,
 And Mirth is madness, and but smiles to slay;
 And Hope is nothing but a false delay,
 The sick man's lightning half an hour ere death,
 When Faintness, the last mortal birth of Pain,
 And apathy of limb, the dull beginning
 Of the cold staggering race which Death is winning,
 Steals vein by vein and pulse by pulse away:
 Yet so relieving the o'er-tortured clay,
 To him appears renewal of his breath,
 And freedom the mere numbness of his chain;
 And then he talks of life, and how again
 He feels his spirits soaring—albeit weak,
 And of the fresher air, which he would seek;
 And as he whispers knows not that he gasps,
 That his thin finger feels not what it clasps,
 And so the film comes o'er him—and the dizzy
 Chamber swims round and round—and shadows busy,
 At which he vainly catches, flit, and gleam,
 Till the last rattle chokes the strangled scream,
 And all is ice and blackness,—and the earth
 That which it was the moment ere our birth.
 There is no hope for nations!—Search the page
 Of many thousand years—the daily scene,
 The flow and ebb of each recurring age,
 The everlasting *to be* which *hath been*,
 Hath taught us nought or little: still we lean
 On things that rot beneath our weight, and wear
 Our strength away in wrestling with the air;
 For 'tis our nature strikes us down: the beasts
 Slaughter'd in hourly hecatombs for feasts
 Are of as high an order—they must go
 Even where their driver goads them, though to slaughter.
 Ye men, who pour your blood for kings as water,
 What have they given your children in return?
 A heritage of servitude and woes,
 A blindfold bondage, where your hire is blows.
 What! do not yet the red-hot ploughshares burn,
 O'er which you stumble in a false ordeal,
 And deem this proof of loyalty the *real*;
 Kissing the hand that guides you to your scars,
 And glorying as you tread the glowing bars?

All that your sires have left you, all that Time
 Bequeaths of free, and History of sublime,
 Spring from a different theme!—Ye see and read,
 Admire and sigh, and then succumb and bleed!
 Save the few spirits, who, despite of all,
 And worse than all, the sudden crimes engender'd,
 By the down-thundering of the prison-wall,
 And thirst to swallow the sweet waters tender'd
 Gushing from Freedom's fountains—when the crowd,
 Madden'd with centuries of drought, are loud,
 And trample on each other to obtain
 The cup which brings oblivion of a chain
 Heavy and sore,—in which long yoked they plough'd
 The sand,—or if there sprung the yellow grain,
 'Twas not for them, their necks were too much bow'd,
 And their dead palates chew'd the cud of pain:—
 Yes! the few spirits—who, despite of deeds
 Which they abhor, confound not with the cause,
 Those momentary starts from Nature's laws,
 Which, like the pestilence and earthquake, smite
 But for a term, then pass, and leave the earth
 With all her seasons to repair the blight
 With a few summers, and again put forth
 Cities and generations—fair, when free—
 For, Tyranny, there blooms no bud for thee!

Glory and Empire! once upon these towers
 With Freedom—godlike Triad! how ye sate!
 The league of mightiest nations, in those hours
 When Venice was an envy, might abate,
 But did not quench, her spirit—in her fate
 All were enwrapp'd: the feasted monarchs knew
 And loved their hostess, nor could learn to hate,
 Although they humbled—with the kingly few
 The many felt, for from all days and climes
 She was the voyager's worship;—even her crimes
 Were of the softer order—born of Love,
 She drank no blood, nor fatten'd on the dead,
 But gladden'd where her harmless conquests spread;
 For these restored the Cross, that from above
 Hallow'd her sheltering banners, which incessant
 Flew between earth and the unholy Crescent,
 Which, if it waned and dwindled, Earth may thank
 The city it has clothed in chains, which clank
 Now, creaking in the ears of those who owe
 The name of Freedom to her glorious struggles;
 Yet she but shares with them a common wo,
 And call'd the “kingdom” of a conquering foe,—
 But knows what all—and, most of all, *we* know—
 With what set gilded terms a tyrant juggles!

The name of Commonwealth is past and gone
 O'er the three fractions of the groaning globe;
 Venice is crush'd, and Holland deigns to own
 A sceptre, and endures the purple robe;
 If the free Switzer yet bestrides alone
 His chainless mountains, 'tis but for a time,
 For tyranny of late is cunning grown,
 And in its own good season tramples down
 The sparkles of our ashes. One great clime,

Whose vigorous offspring by dividing ocean
 Are kept apart and nursed in the devotion
 Of Freedom, which their fathers fought for, and
 Bequeath'd—a heritage of heart and hand,
 And proud distinction from each other land,
 Whose sons must bow them at a monarch's motion,
 As if his senseless sceptre were a wand
 Full of the magic of exploded science—
 Still one great clime, in full and free defiance,
 Yet rears her crest, unconquer'd and sublime,
 Above the far Atlantic!—She has taught
 Her Esau-brethren that the haughty flag,
 The floating fence of Albion's feeble crag,
 May strike to those whose red right hands have bought
 Rights cheaply earn'd with blood. Still, still, for ever
 Better, though each man's life-blood were a river,
 That it should flow, and overflow, than creep
 Through thousand lazy channels in our veins,
 Damm'd like the dull canal with locks and chains,
 And moving, as a sick man in his sleep,
 Three paces, and then faltering:—better be
 Where the extinguish'd Spartans still are free,
 In their proud charnel of Thermopylæ,
 'Than stagnate in our marsh,—or o'er the deep
 Fly, and one current to the ocean add,
 One spirit to the souls our fathers had,
 One freeman more, America, to thee!

Foreign Intelligence.

FRANCE.

School for Naturalists and Botanists.—The king of France has lately created, on the proposition of the minister of the Interior, a school for young naturalists; it is attached to the *Jardin du Roi*, and directed by the professors of that establishment. The intention is, that after having received instruction sufficient, these students should visit different parts of the world, at the expense and for the advantage of the state.

The excursions they will undertake will be conformable to Itineraries traced by the professors; avoiding countries already sufficiently known. All their researches will be directed to useful ends. This institution, which promises happy results, is a seed, in its nature abundantly prolific; but, which eventually may develop itself to the great profit of the philosophic world: and perhaps may prove the germ of an association of naturalists, in more countries than one.

Universal Alphabet.—M. Volney, peer of France, well known by former works, has lately published a volume on the application of the European alphabet to the languages of Asia; he describes it as an elementary work, useful to all travellers into the oriental continent. This writer had already published a tract entitled *Simplification of Eastern languages*, or a new and easy method of learning the Arabic, the Persian, and the Turkish languages, by means of the European characters. Paris, 1795.

By means of the Roman alphabet with certain additional signs, the author proposes to express all the Asiatic idioms, and thereby to facilitate our researches into the dialects, the history, the sciences, the arts, and the immense literary treasures of Asia; at the same time, these acquisitions would support and enlarge the commercial connexions of Europe with the original country of the human race.

This work is dedicated to the Academy at Calcutta. The first part of it comprizes the definitions as well of the general system of sounds pronounced, as of the system of letters, or signs by which those sounds are expressed. In the second part the author considers all the vocal enunciations and tones used among Europeans. They amount to nineteen or twenty vowels, and thirty-two consonants, almost the same as those of the richest languages of Asia; the Sanscrit particularly, according to several of its alphabets.

The twenty-five, or twenty six letters of the Roman alphabet are not adequate to the notation of all the variations of voice. But this alphabet has the valuable advantage of offering the most simple forms, and of being employed throughout Europe, in America, and in all the European colonies of Asia. M. Volney proposes to render it universal, by obtaining from itself other simple signs, necessary to mark additional sounds.

In the third part of his work, the author reduces his theory to practice, by applying it to the Arabic alphabet, which is one of the most complicated of the Asiatics, though not so vicious in its application as the thousand-hyphen'd Sanscrit. The same process applies to the Turkish, the Persian, the Syriac, the Hebrew, the Ethiopian, &c.; and even to Sanscrit and the Chinese.

The curious in etymology will find in this work many new and learned applications of the powers of the letters: and we have somewhat enlarged on its nature, because it may prove extremely useful to the preparatory studies of our youth destined for Asia; not to notice the additional assistance it may afford to the practical conduct and advantage of gentlemen, whose situations oblige them to daily intercourse with Asiatics of various provinces, some of whose languages are acquired with difficulty, or but imperfectly, after much labour and time spent in studying them.

GREECE.

State of Literature.—The progress of that civilization which is the constant attendant or consequence of letters, continues to be rapid. The number of schools of the second order, Gymnasia, augments daily. The principal establishments of the kind are at Smyrna, at Kydonios (a small town of eight or ten thousand inhabitants, opposite the island of Lesbos) and in the island of Chios. A young man, a native of Kydonios, mentioned above, has staid long enough in the printing-office of M. Didot, at Paris, to perfect himself in the art of printing. Also, a daughter of the professor of the Gymnasium in that town, named Erianthia, not more than eighteen years of age, has translated into modern Greek, Fenelon's work on

the Education of Daughters. The inhabitants of Chios have held meetings for the purpose of raising subscriptions in order to establish a public library.

HOLLAND.

Public Instruction: gratis.—We learn from the last annual Report of the Schools for giving gratuitous instruction at Amsterdam, that in the eleven schools of this description, three thousand six hundred and fifty children received the rudiments of education, *gratis*: to which may be added, about eight hundred others who received instruction in the evening schools.

Interesting New Publications.

The Addresses of the Philadelphia Society for the promotion of National Industry—collected in one vol. 8vo. pp. 276.—M. Carey and Son.

The History of the Lives of Abelard and Heloisa, with their genuine letters, &c. by the Rev. J. Berington, with a beautiful coloured plate.—Republished by Abm. Small.

Baine's History of the Wars of the French Revolution, &c. with notes and an original history of the late war between the United States and Great Britain. Embellished with thirty-seven portraits and fifteen maps, &c. 4 vols. 8vo. —M. Carey and Son.

A Summary Geography of Alabama. By E. H. Cummins, Esq.—W. Brown.

Mr. B. Warner has in the press the third edition of Guthrie's Geography, revised and improved.

[It is from this new work we extracted the geographical description of Florida, in this No. p. 203.]

M. Carey and Son have in preparation a very elegant and useful publication—a new edition of 'Lavoisne's Genealogical, Historical, Chronological, and Geographical Atlas, with eleven new historical, and twenty-six geographical maps, and about seventy charts.

National Atlas.—Mr. H. S. Tanner, being engaged in constructing maps of the several states of the Union, intended for the New American Atlas, now publishing, and, with a view of rendering the work complete and acceptable to its patrons, solicits information on the subjoined particulars:

The recent alterations in the boundary lines of counties and townships.

New counties; their seats of justice and distance from the state capital.

Post offices, if established since the year 1818.

The latitude and longitude of new towns, and other important points.

Roads and projected canals, with the names of the streams, &c. which they are intended to connect.

Minerals, and mineral springs of recent discovery.

Soil, products, and face of the country.

Natural curiosities.

Indian antiquities, with the origin of Indian names.

The principal bridges, water-falls, and lighthouses.

The head of sloop navigation, on the principal streams.

The altitude, situation, and course of mountains, with their local names.

Errors in existing maps, with hints for their correction.

* * Information on any of the above heads, or other intelligence which will contribute to the accuracy of the work, will be thankfully received by the publishers, Messrs. Tanner, Vallance, Kearny, and Co. Philadelphia.

It is our wish to give a complete list of late and proposed American publications,—but it is impossible unless the publishers will supply the requisite information. A catalogue of all the productions of the American press for the last year, would be curious and interesting, and might prove useful to the booksellers themselves. Communications from them, as well as from all authors and compilers, are therefore, to this end, respectfully invited.

